

The Golden Aphroditis:

A pleasant discourse,
penned by *John Grange Gentle-*
man, Student in the Common
Lavve of Englande.

Wherevnto be annexed by the same Au-
thour aswell certayne Metres vpon sundry
poynes, as also diuers Pamphlets in prose, which he entit-
tuleth *HIS GARDEN*: pleasant to the eare, and delightful
to the Reader, if he abuse not the scente of the flowers.

Habet & musca splenem,
Et formicæ suæ bis inest.



AT LONDON

ANNO. 1577.

¶ To the right Honorable and his singular good Lord the Lord Sturton,
 Iohn Grange vvisheth health, vveth,
 and prosperitie, vvith increase
 of Honovr.



*K*nowe (moste Honorable) your vvisedome may marvell, and not vvithout cause, that I vvho of all other am to be reputed the moste vnlearned, vvould take vpon me, hauing (small skill), or little or none in Palmistrie, to discourse or rather intreate of the eleuation or declination of the Mount of *Venus*, seing both finer vvittes, and typer heads before this time herein haue vvaded ouer shoes for vvāt of greater skill. Yet my Lord, vnder your most Honorable correction, to this your admiration, in mine ovvne defence I obiekt this lauvful excuse: *Honos* (as Tullie sayth) *alit artes, omnesq; incenduntur ad studia glorie*. VVherfore reconing my selfe as one of this generalitie, and yet desirous to keepe me vvithin the boundes of this phrase, *Ne futor vltra crepidam*, lauvfully alluded of *Apelles* for the curious carping at his vnderferued pensell, I may (vvanting feete to runne) creepe, though as slowe as doth the Snayle, vvho refusing to come at the cal of *Iupiter* vnto his generall feast for all liuing creatures, vv as iustly punished as you see, vvith the cariage of hir house on hir backe, vvherby straying vvwhether she list, is neuer the farther from home. Thus your vvisedome may see the great desire vvwhich I had, somvvhat to set forth, and that, vvhat best might agree vvith your Honours youthfull yeeres, &c

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not mislike my youthfull authoritie, vvho desirous to paint, as vvell the pleasure as displeasure of Loue, thought good (mingling the svvete vvith the soure) not onely to discourse of the eleuation, but also of the declinatiō of the Mount of *Venus*, for that they are dependant (as fellow *Fabians*) the one to the other. And though (my Lord) nothing ought to be penned svvaruing or not proceeding frō graue authoritie, yet often times vnder a defuse garmēt lieth a cloilde of vvisdome. Likevvise, if vnskilfull heds shoulde framethēselues to the limitation of this Greeke p̄touerbe, *Quam quisque norit artem in hac se exerceat*: then skill muste dye vvith the Auctor for vvant of youthfull exercise, yea, nothing shoulde be praetised, much lesse learned, seyye then do as *Plato*, *Pitāgoras*, and *Democritus* did, vvho (as some say) sought all the partes of the vvorlde vvherein any thing vvvas that might or coulde be learned. Yea *Democritus*, and *Anaxagoras*, lesse bothe their goodes and patrimonies (as all men do know) onely for the desire of learning. Also *Diodorus* the *Stoike*, is not much incōparable to these, vvho throtovv his continuall vvatch and excessiue studie, being blinde of long time, knowing nothing but vvhat vvvas red vnto him by a little childe, yet gaue himselfe vnto the studie of Geometrie, teaching vvith vvordes vvho vvvere desirous to learne, hovv and in vvhat māner each line shoulde belayed. VVherfore (O grafe of noble stocke) hauing the like desire (if so I might say) as these haue had to learning, my desire and not my skill, my good vvill and not my penne is to be accepted, as the simple Raddish roote vvrapped in a peece of greene Sarcenet vvvas better accepted at the Prince his handes, than vvvas a goodly fayre Horse gorgeously trapped giuen him of his marchaunt, for that in deede he knew their vvilles vvvere not alike: the
poore

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poore man gaue his Radish roote for pure loue, but the other his sumptuous Horse in hope of a greater benefite. Thus preacing (more boldly than wisely) vpon your Honours curtesie, I haue brought vnto your Lordshippe a handfull of fragrant floures (though not gathered in *Adonis* garden) the chiefe vvhich are Primeroses and Violetes. Your choyce is not great, yet chuse vvhich likes you best, the worst turne backe againe. For if some may please, and none displease, I shall not onely thinke my time well spent, and my diligence better imployed, but also my labour and trauell best of all bestowed. And vvhether as I seeme (as you shall hereafter perceyue) to ground my Paganicall Pamphlet vpon the song of *Apollo*, most melodiously song vnto me (as me thought) in a vision: I would not your Honour should thinke the painting of my pēne to be *Verbatim* spoken of *Apollo* his mouth, but rather the ground thereof, vvhich in most ample manner following I haue delated, vvhich by eche one may see (as it were in a gorgeous garish glasse before their eyes) a pretie poetical Pamphlet, shewing paganically, as well the lawfull copulation betwene *Vulcan* and *Venus*, as the vnlawfull combat betwene hir and *Mars*. Also in this merry meane a playne mirrour of youthful vanities shall play his parte, and the shade thereof shall bereaue you of your senses. In the ensigne likewise of this army, your Honour shall finde written (as it were with letters of pure Gold) a chiefe point of womens vanities, *videlicet*, looke vvhich they may haue, coste it neuer so muche, they esteeme not: but by a toy of light valewe, and not easily commended by, they ser great store, vvhich of this Proverb came, *For feet and deere bought are good for Ladies*. Also diuers other pointes in this glasse your L. shall perceyue worthe of noting,

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but vvhy seeme I (vvho asyet neuer receyued one poynt of discourtesie of any veneriall Dame) to display vvith penne and inke vpō the imbecillitie of their natures? God graunt (say I) *Euripides* may vvell vvithstand their boysterous blasts, vvho in his Tragedie intituled *Medea*, affirmeth that vvomens vvittes are vnapte to goodnesse, but very vvell inclined to vnhappinesse, bicause (sayde he) vvomen are creatures vnperfect, and vvhere perfectiō is not, there can nothing rest that is good. It seemeth the nebbe of my penne is long, and that I lesse do feare the stubbing therof. Such surmises (beleue me) assent to veritie, my yōg yerres say, I speake not by experience, but rather by heare say: and vvhat of this? riper yeares & mellowver vvittes know I sayne not herein, for many of them vnnvillingly haue the prooffe thereof. Yet vvould I not, vvho haue no tittle hereunto, should seeme to chalēge me as their vniust accuser, for I meane not generally, my surmise is not vnknowne, *Rubbe a gauld Horse on the backe and it is a chance if hee kicketh not.* I vvill not say but thar Dame Nature hath played hir part in deuiding and distributing hir gifts equally, as vvell to the one as to the other. For vve see, as vve haue *Apollo* and *Mercurie* for Goddes, so *Pallas* and *Milnerus* for Goddessees of vvisdome: as *Mars* so *Bellona* for vvar: as *Cupide* so *Venus* for loue: as *Pan* so *Ceres* for inuention of husbandrie: yea, as *Morpheus* so *Murcas* for sleepe. Thus (to be shorte) God hath appointed the pleasure of vvomen to conteruayle the toyle of man. Neither are the deedes of men more valiant than the mindes of vvomē, vvwhose courage abateth no not vvith the fiercenesse of Tygres, as appeared by the vviiues and matrones of *Persia*, vvho thorovv their valiant hartes, noble courage and impudencie, being ashamed of the sight of their husbantes, prouoked them

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to returne againe vnto battel, and not onely to ouercome them of vvhome sometimes not onely they, but *Cyrus* him selfestood in dread, but also in the same battell to take king *Astages* prisoner. Moreouer, vvho hath not redde of the valiantnesse of Queene *Thomyris*: vvho hearing of the death of hir onely sonne, began not to reuenge the same vvith teares, sobbes, sighes, and pensiuenesse, as vvomen vse to do (*Tullie* testifying the same in his seconde boke of *Tusculanes questions*, vvho inferring vpon this proposition *De tolerando dolore*, affirmeth that *Fletus muliebri ingenio additus*) but girded hir self vvith the svorde, and armed hir body vvith the shielde of *Mars*, cutting off the heare of hir head, and attiring hir selfe in the manner of a man, vntill such time as shee had gotten the head of *Cyrus*, vvith the like vvyles that he vsed tovvard hir sonne. Also vvho knowveth not that the *Amazones* ruled their realme betveene themselues of a long time vvithout the ayde of any man, cutting off their right dugges for hindring the casting of their dartes, vvherof they tooke this name *Amazones* (that is) vvanting their right dugges? But softe here I checke, least some sticke not to say behinde my backe, a blasing starre vvill shoote. But vvhat if they do? *It is a greate winde that shaketh corne*: neither do I thinke but that the standers by vvhicke heare this (having any iudgement at all) vvill easily descerne a difference betveene *Orpheus* and *Pan*. I knowv all men are not giuen to say vvell, neither to iudge alike. For (as *Plato* sayeth) *Quot capita tot sunt sententiae*: some men vvill say, this poynt vvvas penned to mystically: and an other vvill say behinde my backe, this shade vvvas too grosse: here vvvas too much learning shevved, and here vvvas none at all: here *Apollo* and *Pallas* guided his penne: here *Pan* molested him vvith his oten pipe: here vvill the male kinde:

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kinde say, *Nectar* dreamed, here vwill the female say *Achilles* rained. Thus in euery corner of the house I looke to finde a bayting-logge, and not vvithout a cause, for I knowv they can not speake so euill of me as my penne deserueth. But yet vvhat so euer they say, the blinde man may see in this glasse, vvhat apishc vvittes vvomen haue to inuestigate by interrogatiue limilitudes the perfect meaning and the sure grounde of their louers harte: and those vvhicke haue their cleare sight to looke stedfastly herein, shall see perchaunce an Ape vvhipped, vvhicke somvvhat may delight him. VVherevpon certen yong Gentlemen and those of my professed friendes (vvell vievving this vvorke) requested me earnestly to haue intituled it *A nettle for an Ape*, but yet (being somvvhat vvadded as most fooles are) to mine ovvne opinion, vvho vvould hardly forgoe their bable for the Towver of London) I thought it good (somvvhat to stop a zealous mouth) to sette a more cleanly name vpon it, that is, *Golden Aphroditie*. For if the other had stoode, vvho most had bene bitten herevvith peradventure vvould haue sought all the meanes they could to haue turned this vvhippe for mine ovvne tale. But stay here a litle, I loue not to be couëted a ranger, least thorovv my appearing aboute the vvater, I seeme to prognosticate thereby (as doth the Dolphin) that some storme or tempest approacheth at hande. I trust though my penne dothe seeme to paint at large, yet not to lauish. For vvhereas it seemeth to blase or painte the incineration of Veneriall dames and ruffling Nymphes, it proceedeth not of any spite, malice, hatred, melancholy, or euil vvill that I beare vnto the chaste Matrones, or vnto any one that may iustly chalenge vnto themselues one litle sparke of the spice thereof. Therefore vvho are vvilling to vnderstande, I
vvish

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wishe them to shunne the fountaine *Chim*, and rather to open the gates of their cares, vvherby they might the better vnderstand my meaning: iudge likevvise and knowve the difference of my voyces and foundes. If any one seemeth to be touched herevvith to the quicke, let them propounde their *Quære*, and I vvill alvvayes be at hande *Reddere rationem* therevnto. Yet on vvhome so euer it chaunceth to founde forth this interrogation (vvhat outvvard countenance so euer she beare) yet can it not be sounded, but as it vvære *Tragico boatu*, therefore vvho listeth so to do, to ayde them in their enterprife, I thinke it best they cal vpō the dolefull Muse *Melpomene*, on vvhome *Virgill* in his Epigrams thus vvriteth:

Melpomene Tragico proclamat musta boatu.

For this I dare auouch, that oftentimes vvho seemeth most of al to blaze their chastitie vvith the Tergate of *Medusa*, they play more legerdemaynes vnder this cleane kind of conueyance, or at the least as many, as do those vvho neuer vvoore the necklace of Iasper, neither knevve so much as the cheyne of Diamantes and Topazes, vvhicke are counted the instrumentes of chastitie. And partly for a profethereof, vvho marketh vvell each thing comprehended in this little volume, shal finde, that I haue somvvhat noted hereof by the conception of *Diana*, vvho alvvayes bore the name of Chastitie it self. Many other pointes (moste Honorable) might herebe noted, but that I hate the checke of *Ne quid nimis*, and (as the Prouerbe goeth) *Little sayde soone amended*. My good vvill I trust, shall suffice for this once, and though my vvell doing may not counteruaile the same, yet I trust your Honour vvill not sticke to defende me, in saying in my behalfe, *Et voluisse sat est*. Thus ceasing to trouble your Lordship any farther at this

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time,

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time. I commit you to the tuition of the highest, to direct your pathes in true Honour and dignitie: desiring also the Ladies of the destenie, so to prolong the fall threde of this thy terestriall life: that thou mayst runne the race of hoarie Nestor, to the pleasure of the almightie, and the great comfort of those vvhiche vvish thee vvell.

Your Honors poore Oratour

IOHN GRANGE.

¶ To the Courtlike Dames and Ladie-
like Gentlevvomen, the Authour
sendeth greeting.

Greete (but who?) the glittering stars & troupes of *Venus* crewe,
Vith painefull pen of ranging fiste, bedewde with *Ganges* dew,
So *iocundare* leades my will, that wanton needlesse toyle
Of Courtlike Dames, my pestred wittes *declaro* seekes to foyle.
Draw neare therfore ye veried *Nimphes*, with such *Minervas* toyles,
And vewe this lading scope, which yeeldes for the Veneriall foyles.
As none so well as *Cesars* penne, could *Cesars* deedes indight,
So none but of *Morythus* secte could dolor put to flight,
Now I who wantes *Apollus* skill, and eke Dame *Pallas* witte,
Herein to play *Morythus* parte, haue thought my selfe most fitte.
Yet shall you finde an Ape, an Ape, in purple be she clothde,
Ye come not from *Troponius* care, for then I should be lothde:
Nor from *S. Patrickes* purgatorie, but play *Nepenthes* parte,
The iuyce whereof perforce will keepe such sadnesse fro your harte.
Thus labour I with tooth and nayle of *Lethe* force to be:
Then with obliuion might I force your carping cares to flee.
Vvhiche once exile, the better might the Muses then take place,
And barefote might the tripping *Nymphs* the better shew their grace
I ofte haue longde with penne to painte the trade of lovers loue,
Yet neare cold find what pen deserude, which was not known before.
Thus dayly musing, where to finde whereon to wreake my spight,
Me thought I harde *Apollo* sing full sweetely in the night,
And play vpon his twinkling harp, whose warbling notes (me thought)
Perforce cōstraynde my penne to wrike, what he in songs had taught.
Vvhich sed full wel my restles reume with Stories reume what strange:
Marke now therfore, who list to know whereon I list to range.
It chaunste N. C. a valiant knight, possessed riches store,
Yet wated whom his goodes shold rule when *Costus* yeldes no more.
For chaste, and solemne vowe once made, *Dianas* Nympe to be,
Dame Nature helde hir as content to heare, and not to see.
Vvherefore as one deuoyde of ioy, and hauing issue none,

B. ij.

He

He oft reparde before the Goddess, with great complaynt, and mone,
 For that *Cibile* had transformde into a Lions shape
Hypponuxes his cosin deare : for taking yeelded rape,
 VVithout a reuerence of the place: when beautie prickte his harte,
 His lust to serue (als to soone) his hony waxed tarte.
 A Nymphe likewise of *Seyros* Ile, adornde with beautie rare,
 Before the Goddess with earnest sute, full oft she did repare:
 As for to haue *Atlanta* sayre to be restorde againe
 Vnto hir former shape, which once *Cilele* (to hir payne)
 Together with *Hyppomenes* transformde to Lions route,
 And set them both at once to drawe hir charior wheles aboute.
 Thus fortune frayle doth turne hir whele, to giue ech mā his chaūce:
 And fraught their laūcing ships with wiles, *Dan Cupids* rōūd to daūce.
 For meeting both (as fortune would) before the Goddew with plaints,
 Loue gaue assault, the sparkes whereof, his tender harte attayntes.
 Such beautie (as *Apollo* sayde) consisted in hir face,
 That all the Heauens gan cleare to shine, not *Phabus* yet in place,
 VVho, fearing lest the Gods theselues with loue should be inflamde,
 Sat all on thorne till she was gone, and was he to be blamde?
 No, no.

Thus I at length, haue founde a texte to stubbe a ganders quill:
 VVhiche if it proue *Elleborus*, according to my will,
 A heauy harte needes must it purge, from care, and pensiue plight,
 And like vnto *Argus* harte inforce it to be light:
 To laugh indeede where cause is none, as this *Argivus* did,
 Yet *Aiax* rises to frequent, my story doth forbid.
 And I forbid a carping knight to catche where catche he can,
 For harde it is one dishe to please the mouth of every man.
 VVho spies my fault (as easie) may by sūyte I him forbid,
 To see and turne it to the worst, as *Argus* whilome did,
 That simple skill (whiche earst I had) I giue it you to vewe,
 Not doing as this *Argus* did, who kepthe his vvife in mevv.
 For, *quicquid in buccam venit*, the same with haste I pende,
 No maruell then (deare Dames) if ought herein ye may amende.
 Thus standing to your curtesie (madames) loade starres of light,
 The sequēle shal my meaning shew here offred to your sight.

Tam Minervæ quàm Veneri.

Cuiquam.

MArke well my frende this ragged ryme,
thrust forth the Elderne path:
Spare not to cut a haseell wande
to make a winding with.
Seeke forth the grounde of evry thing,
esteeme not filed phrase,
The pythe, but not the paynting penne
doth yeelde the Authours prayse.
VWhat though I seeke by wantons witts
each man for to delight?
Shall sense therefore enforced be
by myrth to see no light?
Then is the Readers care but small,
what fruyte he reape thereby:
And eke the Authours prayse, by this,
shall seeme in duste to lie.
Then who that knowves, so foolish his
his penne to take in hande?
Sith that the vewers care is more,
to reade, than vnderstande.

Legere & non intelligere negligere est.

C. G. Maister of Arte, in the

praiſe of the Authour.

In wiſedomes ſchoole *Apollo*, and dame *Pallas* thought it fit
Of al, therein your Authour here, in higheſt rōme to ſit.
John { Holde there (quoth ſhee) the Muſes all haue hidde thee in
their lappe,
{ Not I alone haue giuen thee ſucke, but they haue giue thee
pappe.

Ganges, thy ſtreames bedewed, his penne thy ſandes haue
poliſht eke,
Rare bloſſomes blowne to mortal men, yet not in him to
ſecke.
Grange { *Arctiſa*, thy influence in him it is not ſcant;
Not *Polymnia* eke his rules of Rhetoricke doth he want,
God guyde thy ſteps therefore my *Grange*, and eke what
is be unne, (ſhonne.
{ *Echidna* ſting thou onely ſoughtes by ſecrete meanes to

Ioue would it ſo, thou knoweſt well *Pernaffus* Mounte to
clyme
John { Of *Momus* mates, thou needſt not care, nor muttring
Mucius flyme.
{ Holde here therefore thy iuſt rewarde, a crowne of Lau-
rell bayes,
Not ſounding trumpe, but due deſertes, thy flickering
fame ſhall rayſe.

Graūt him ye fatal ſiſters three, old *Nefors* race to run
Renownedly without default, & cracke of fame to ſhun,
Grange { A *Grange* in deede he may be terme, a *Grange* for eache
delight,
{ Not *Grange*, nor groue, nor fertile ſielde that is in eache
mans ſight,
{ *Grange* would I ſo accōted be, but ſuch a *Grange* I meane,
For ourwarde mirth and ſecrete ſenſe as earſt hath not
bene ſcene.

FINIS.

W. S. in commendation of
the Author.

OF siluer pure thy penne is made, dipte in the Muses well,
Thy Eloquence and loftie style all other doth excell:
Thy wisdom great and secrete sense diffusedly disguylde,
Doth shew how *Pallas* rules thy minde, and *Phæbus* hath deuilde
Those Golden lines, which polisht are with *Tagus* glittering sandes.
A pallace playne of pleasures great vnto the vewers handes.
Thy learning doth bewray it selfe and worthie prayse dothe craue,
VVho so thee knew, did little thinke suche learning thee to haue.
Here *Virtue* seemes to checke at *Vice*, and wisdom folly tauntes:
Here *Venus* she is set at naught, and Dame *Diane* she vauntes:
Here *Pallas* *Cupid* doth detest, and all his carpet knights:
Here doth she shew, that youthfull impes in folly most delights.
And how when age comes creeping on, with shewe of hoary heares,
Then they the losse of time repent, with sobbes and brynish teares.
Thou *Ambo-dexter* playste herein, to take the first rebounde,
And for to shew thy minde at large, in earth doth the same cōpound:
So that *Apollo* claddes his corps all with *Morychus* clothes,
And shewes himself still friendliest there, where most of al he lothes.

FINIS.

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Haile ye *Lidian* streames: what meane
 these dolefull dumpes & bath so caste
 by boznes? what if there haue, yet doe
 the buddees remaine? what, are ye tal-
 ked to the prayers of *Acheron*, that ye
 feare the passage to his temple? or haue
 ye to deale with the inexorable iudges
Minos and *Rhadamanthus*? feare ye the
 tormentes of *Hercules*? the plagues of
Tantalus? or the baring of *Cerberus*? if ought of these be the cause
 freere you not, but draw neare to *Lerke* lake, some after the tassing
 wherof ye shal forget this clodde of carping care, though in deede
 ye haue tassed before of the very Well of pensiuensse, *videlicet*, the
Srigia lake. But being thus wrapped in y^e vale of misery, I trust a
 caulne sweete western winde after this your sharp & snowy winter
 can no sooner come in place, then he shalbe welcomen: neither in the
Pyrimetpor of the yerre (*videlicet*) in *April* and in *May*, can *Pho-*
bos so soone display his golde bright rayes or glistering beames vpon
 the earth, than will eche harte reioyce, & eche heerde which before hath
 bene penned vp or kept as it were in the pyson of boate froste, now
 laugh his faplor the froste to scorn: so I thinke, be it moornyng
 or euening, come I early or late, I come not to lone to dry vp those
 surging seas or boystrous streames of carping care, which with p^r-
 sistent ouerflow your heauy hartes: nor to expell those dolefull
 dumpes whiche soe oppresse your pestred wittes. For as I take no
 small deliight thorowly to baste my corpes with the *Nectar* wine of
 the *Homericall* Goddess, to reuine my dolefull spirits when I see
 occasion: so take I a great delight to haue a portion of that mar-
 uelous bearde *Nepenthes* (whiche hath soe to dyme sadnesse and
 melancholy fild each mans hart) about me, to impart to my friends
 comyng in place where such pensiuensse both ragne. Now be, I
 comyng from my wonted custome, and associated with *Nepenthes*
 iurce, chauncing (as fortune would) into this sayze flocke of my
 faithfull friends, whome I playnly see as it were in glasse be-

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mine eyes set altogether lumping and lowzing as if ye had lately come from *Trophanus* caue, or rather escaped *s. Patrickes* Purgatorie, fully perswade my selfe I can not better bestowe it, than vpon your crased cozples: wherefore (my diligence employed. ye shall see how neate I wil be, not onely in anoyning eche parte of your shape, whereby you might the easier auoyde all Melancholy, but also in curiously washing your-sweltring hartes, whereby all sadnesse may straight auoyde and gine place to Dainty pleasure and all hye troupe, for so *Nepenthes* bidders. Yet doubt not me for a merry knaue, but *Nepenthes* inyre for a pleasant Knight, to whome I am but a seruant or rather an instrument to hyng his seates aboute, as now plainly and manifestly appeareth in this amorous discourse of Sir N. O. and the worthy *Symphie A. O.* whom the Goddess assigned at length to be his wyfe. And now (deare Dames) because I would not haue you (my rare bryng runne) to stande in as foolishlye or rather in a foolishlye doubt than *Plato* whylome did, who doubted in dede whether he shoulde put your sexe among reasonable or unreasonable creatures: I will make every thyng so playne vnto you, as plainest could not be, though in dede you shoulde be ledde by a lyne, or popered vnto it with *Democritus* finger. And for your better instruction, sayng meane in these dayes thinke that the climate of the countre wherein a man is borne, imposeth not a litle toward his nobility, ye shall vnderstand, I will not sayne (as the Poetes did, and say, Sir N. O. was brought forth in flooyng *Celos* as *Apello* was, nor yet in hollow rockes as was *Iupiter*, neyther that this *Symphie A. O.* toke hye beginning in waluyng *Seas* as *Venus* did, or was begotten of the bryaine of any as was *Pallas* by *Iupiter*: but Sir N. O. descended of the auncient house and noble parentage of *Hippomenes*, as this treatise maketh playne, and the worthy *Symphie A. O.* on the other side (as *Apello* sayd) was borne and educated in *Pasquilles* Heauen, daughter vnto Dame *Diana* (though the Poetes sayne the contrary) begotten of hye sweete harte *Endymion*, whome in hye duntynge not seldome shee visited by flartes (if the Poetes, are to be credited) whiche flartes you knowe full oft requirerth flartyng corners, and if you knowe not,

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not, these hy: startes may geue you to vnderstande: for why
 shoulde shee courtte to haue hy: Alare bespynckled with mans
 blonde, if shee toke no delight in man? or why shoulde shee (v-
 sing hunting as a copie of hy: countenance) visite so ofte by
 stealth hy: sweete harte *Endimion*, if not for some suche intrat?
 for this we knowe, that womanhode and chastitie forbiddeth plea-
 sure. If then the lyke chastnelle were grafed in hy:, as is reported
 to be, shee woulde not haue vsed in that order his companie, nor yet
 haue spent hy: dayes continually in hunting, as we see shee doth. Yet
 maruell not (poeticall *Symphes*) that thus much hath not bene
 reuealed vnto you before this tyme of our auncient *Poetes*: for no
 maruell it is if the *Poetes* herrof were ignorant, when none of the
Goddess knewe it, exceptyng *Apollo*, neyther had he knowen it, but
 thowow hy: commyng to haue the aduice of his Oracle at *Delphos*
 (that is) to knowe whether it were a male or female that shee torent
 withall, who courtteously answeryng, sayde, it was a female whiche
 with hy: shoulde be *Alpha* and *Omega* (that is to say) the firste and
 the laste that euer shee shoulde beare: who was not before so muche
 dismayed, discomforted, and grieved with hy: conception, least
 (commyng to lighte) the bandes of chastitie wherewith shee was
 thought to be bound, shoulde be counted broken, but ten tymes more
 now reioyces at this *Alpha* and *Omega*, perswadyng hir selfe, that
 howe leudely soeuer shee behaued hy: selfe, wantonnesse of pleasure
 woulde not be firme. But yet take heed *Diana*, least thowow thy
 to muche credulitie and light beliefe (as the *Proverbe* goeth) *Minerva*
nam exercitares: for not seldome the Oracle of *Apollo* beareth
 a double meaning (mooste lyke to the Images of *Alcibides*)
 who what imposed life without, the same inclosed death with-
 in. Howe Dame *Diana* keepyng thys scape very secretly (as
 wisdome warned hir) and knowing hir tyme of deliuey to be nere
 at hande, takyng hir bowe and shaftes as though shee woulde haue
 gone to hir wonted game, conueyed hir selfe pryncely vnder a clowde
 into *Pasquilles* heauen: where remaynyng vntill the tyme of hy:
 deliuey was past, the Goddess (not knowing where shee had bene)
 meruayled much at this hir long absence, and at hir returne, meri-

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ly getting with hir, as they satte at dinner. *Iupiter* demanded of
h^{er} where she had bene, and what sporte she had had all this time.
Altho first fixed his eyes vpon h^{er} apertuallings, secondly looking
steadfastly in the middell thereof, straight w^{ith} had a ready answer
by the ende: which proueth not a little the readinesse, ripenesse, charp-
nesse and subtilty of a womans witte: for the meaning in deepe to
disclose the whole matter (least some cusozopper or picketbanke
shoulde betw^{ay} h^{er} vnto *Venus*, who alwayes was and wil be h^{er}
mortal enemy) yet in such secreete manner and after suche a lofly
style as the *Goddess* themselves shoulde hardly vnderstande h^{er}, an-
swered him in this sort: Sir (quoth she) in sporte I past the bandes
of pleasure, and came to the Court of felicitie, for I had no souer
cured the wilde and fennie forest of my wonted game, but a goodly
Bucke w^{ith} the thicke and flaking seruie began to rouse him-
selfe, who contrary to the nature of his sex, leaping betw^{ixt} herro-
nesse and tendernesse (as though he had knowen me) ganne lovingly
to leane vpon me, besmearing me with his lipps, and kissing
my garments with his tong. Wherewith I being amazed, and ta-
king it to be some of *Circes* incchantments, who had taken vpon
him the *Crocodiles* nature, I sent a percing blast to ricker amiddest
his ribbes, which contrary to his former force rebounded booke a-
gaine: the Bucke likewise not fearing aught, began to kicke afresh.
Wherewith I maruelling not a little, seeing this change of nature,
persuaded my selfe it was some wayned Bucke, which of late
had strayed from the lodge of my forest (and now forgotten tho-
row my tasting of *Lethe* lake at my first entring into the same,)
wherfore I beganne to play with him, calling him by this name,
Will, will: who no otherwise as it were stirred vpon me, then
doth the childe or little infant, who smyles v^{po} his mother or nurse
calling him by some childlike name. And perceiving I had peck-
ed vnto his love (as in deepe I had) thinking I would solow him,
began lightly to tripple before me, vntill such time as he came to a
broad gate of a fayre lawne field. I like a good bloodhound pur-
suyng my chace leasurly, kepte true footing, and drew neare vnto
him, whom when he spied (more like a mā than a beast) he opened the

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the hatch with his crooked hozne, and with the same bride it epe harrill such tyme as I had entred. Then did I see him make towards the middle of the lawne, wherein was a slippe hedged aboute with blacke & white thorne, but rather made in the order of a liste wherein a combat had or should be soughten: whom incontinently I followed: he entred, I entred also: thus bying entred, he layed him downe to breathe, I late me downe likewise to, rest my wearied limines, and played with his hoznes in my lappe. But (to be short) he suddenly rising, gan secretly to pusse at me with his pickyng hoznes, and so secretly pursued his franishe thustles, that before I could recover my fette agayne, he gaue me a going wound. Wher-at I bying amayed, and yet desirous to see farther before I enjoyed his death, withstode him stoutly, nothing regarding his force. Wher-in I founde that a valiaunt Knight may some be overcome, but a ferece Souldier sooner tyred, for so was he: yet being banquished, he yielded himselfe, sarning upon me as he did before, to whome (bying moued with pittie,) and hoping in short tyme to recouer my hurtz, I graunted lye, yet brake his hoznes and let him goe. Who was no sooner gone, but the soze incontinently began to swell: I (feating the worst) sought straightfowth for *Ellaborau* to purge me thereof, whiche founde, I stamped it and dranke the ioyce thereof at my discretion: some after the drinking wherof, all the corruption and matter which before was congeled in my goered wounde, gassed fowth, but to my deadly payne. Thus in a fairs large felde betwene the listes I encountered with my mortall foe: who receyuing the soyle but not the repulse, I brake his hozne, and for the testimoniall therof beholde the same (throwing the Godden in dede the little finger of a hozne gantlet) whiche was byz sweete hartes *Endymion*, whiche were call the lours finger, but what I merante thereby I referre to you Madames, whose wittes herein do passe my foolish skill:) The Goddes hearyng this tale (not perceaung byz fittellie) laughyng soze, commendred byz spozze, and beganne (as Terence sayeth) *Omnia bona dicere & laudare fortis nam eius*, saying morouer, shee had done valiantly, and in geyng order wished themselves there (bying meirly disposed) some

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with

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with capere and bodkyn, some with quilltyn and belbedded pin,
other some with beere bung and sauset, an other with posy'd and la-
del, and some agayne with chäberpot and bedstaf. Thus eury God
had his sundry wishe, and eury one his wishe alike. But in the
incant tyme *Diana* hyz scape was keppe vnknoſtome, the know-
ing wherof ſhee feared the leſſe, ſeyng *Atu* and *Momus*, the Gods
of: reprehension, long tyme agone were caſte downe from heauen
thorow the whole conſent of the Poeticall Goddes, whiche maketh
them now (as Homer ſayeth) leade ſorthe an caſſe lyfe.

Thus I truſt (my glitteryng ſtarres) ye are fully reſolved of the
byrth and natury of the Lady *A. O.* ye neede not farther to doubt
therof, ſo; though my rude ſtile be not penned with the golde *Lidus*
ſtreames, neyther curiouſly poliſhed with *Hermus* glitteryng
ſandes, yet (my louyng troupe) if yee diligently marke the gloſe
therof, you ſhall finde it penned with *Ganges* ſlurry ſtreames, the
ſorce wherof will drawe Golden ſandes vnto it to ſhade the ſame.
Here refleth nowe (to goe conſequently) the cauſe why Dame
Diana named this *Symphy A. O.* whiche is, becauſe the Wyke
of *Ipſo*, (*Alpha Omega*) ſignified vnto hyz mother firſt and
laſt, therefore did ſhe call hyz by the firſt letters of the ſame (*vi-
delicet*) *A. O.* But nowe I knowe yee looke I ſhould returne to
my matter (that is) to ſhewe in dede the firſt originall argumy-
taunce of *Vir V. O.* and the worthy *Symphy Alpha Omega*, which
as byrly as I can, I will declare. *N. O.* being a man of great
poſſeſſions, deteſtyng alwayes the frothe of *Venus*, beſore ſuch time
as the wonderfull beautie of this *Symphy* had not onely daſhed his
eyes, but alſo beſeaught hym of his former ſenſes, hauing neither
male nor female to imoy his goodes and landes, what tyme the
fatall ſpyde of this his terrefſtiall lyfe was thorowly expired and
ended, lamented ſore the *Metamorphoſis* of his couſin *Hippomenes*,
and deſpyringly before the preſence of all the homericall Gods,
craūnyng moſt earnestly vpon his knees his couſins ſhape to bee
reſtoꝝd agayne, (whome *Cibele* the mother of the Goddes had tur-
ned into a whyte Lyons ſhape with the beautifull *Atlantis* his
wyfe, ſo; ſeckyng the ſtreytes of *Venus* in the woodde where hyz
deply

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dayly habitation was, without any reuerence of the place) which by no means her could obtaine. *Alpha Omega* likewise remaining in the Ilande *Seyros*, being praised of all others for hyr wonderfull beautie (setting no lesse thereby than in deede others did) hearing of the sayde mayden *Atlanta* who lately liued in the sayde Ilande, whome *Hispomenes* thowre the counsel of *Venus* woman to be his wedded wife, desired vpo a time of the Goddess that hyr righte shap might be restored agayne, mirayning thereby (as I suppose) to see which of their beauties were most to be esteemed, saying they were bothe of all menne so highly allowed, and so greatly proued (for sure it is, one woman enuie the beautie of an other) and thinketh hyr self sayest of all. So strownyng fortune and cruell destinie yet withstode hyr enterpryse, that naught hyr suite before the Goddess could peruaile (*Venus* especially being hyr beaury friend (onely for hyr beauties sake.) It happened so, these two hauing bothe a like suite vnto the Goddess, met (by chaunce) in the heauenly throne of the mighty and thundring *Iupiter*, at suche tyme as the Goddess were disposed to heare mortall mennes bowes and supplications (which I iudge to bee in the forenoone and sober houres of the day) for in the after noone, when they are well and thowoly whiled with the *Nectar* wine, then liste they not to treat on earnest affayres, but looke on which side the heauens bendeth lowest towards the earth, there sitte they intenuely beholding mortall mens doings, which vnto them are as it were a Theatre of fragill discourses to moue them to laughter. But behold (saye *Danvers*) *Venus* hearing their supplications, grudging at *N.O.* for detrelling his froth and hating *A.O.* for hyr beautie (not contented to denie their petitions) called *Cupide* that blinde and cankered boy vnto hyr, commaunding him vnder affection to strike this *N.O.* in moste ardent loue with *A.O.* who (obeying his beste,) straightwayth ascended to the Mount *Parnassus*, where his quiver of arrowes lay, who (chusing among the rest what beste mighte worke this feate) suddenly stroke his filly harte, who felt no sooner the arrowe pike, but straightwayth came bonnde to *Ioues* loze, yea, in such sorte, that he sat all on thorne till hee was gonne; wherby

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whereby he might finde time and place to bitter his moning minde
vnto hir, and also to bewray his swelling harte. Loue made hym
bolde, he feared nought but least the Goddes shoulde bee inflamed
with hye, who (rausht with hye sight) might barre him of his will.
Such was hye beautie (sayd *Apollo*) as all y^e beaues gan clearly to
mine (not *Phaëbus* yet in place.) But to be worst; hir suite not away-
lyng she departed from thence to hye wonted Ile of *Syros*, whome
N.O. incontinently followed; and (gardnyng hye to hye lodge) in the
way of familiaritie taking the gentle conge of hye (as a iuste guer-
don in lieu of his paynes) vnto hye these wordes followyng:
Oh Goddesse of worstlye price (quoth he) if so I might thee call, re-
buke me not for my boldnesse, for what my lippes haue done and
now proffesse, my harte hath wished long before. I graunt (not bau-
ting of my parfrage) a graffe of wilbing stocke (as I am) deserteth
not to incoister with the sugred lippes of so worthy a Goddesse (as
by thine outward apparace) thou seemest in my sight to be: say ther-
fore (O well of life) if trespassse aught herein I haue committed, then let
my lyfe a guerdon be for these my euill desertes, but in y^e meane time
Ladie (as doubtful of my offere.) I appeale to thy courtlye for grace.
Who courteously answering, sayd: No Goddesse sir, yet oft we see
blinde bawarde hitteth the nape on the hedde, but tell me good sir I
praye you, what meaneth this kinde of salutation? I, lesse than sel-
dome haue sounde in my wonted friendes the like curtesie, much
lesse in a straunger, wherefore your curteous demeanour (whatso-
euer it pleaseth you to say of your selfe) giueth me to thinke, your
race to haue comen of some noble parentage, or rather of a wor-
thy line. *N.O.* fearing the inbreillitie of his witte, and the soltering
of his tounge (though in orde he needed not) answered in this softe:
alasse (thou fountainne of my ioy) my soltering tong is bashfull to
recite the lingring loue whiche this mine inwarde harte with drad-
ly payne receynerth: wherefore by humble suite I craue, that what
my trembling tongue for feare is bashfull to recite, the same my
painefull penne may put in wryting. I graunt (quoth she) sayng no-
thing but reason you do requyre. if so you had leuer your penne to
paynte, than your tong to expresse the same. Yet as it hath pleased
you

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You of your courtlesse, to accompany me in this so long a voyage (I
vntwoozthis therof) so I desire you to sojourne with me this night,
taking a small repast in lieu of your good will, and a harde lodging
to rest your worried limmes, in parte of satisfaction to recompence
your proffered payne. No double but N.O. willingly accepted by
courtous proffer: so at what time this proffer was made, they were
in the sight of the house, which being most gorgeously adorned with
hyge poyntes, curious turrets, and fere glasse windowes rounde
about, inflamed his hart with a great desire to "viue the situation,
and not onely the rules and principles, but also the chiefest poyntes
and most curious workmanship thowow the deuice of Geometry
whiche therein were vled, whiche sure he had no sooner entered, but
the regall pompe and princely furnitur, seemed in all poyntes re-
spondent to the braut papinting, and the curious workmanship
of the bartlets & turrets without. But I will omit this sumptuous
be-doing (least while I seeme to praise it at the full) not giuing it
his true title (I demaund the glory therof) and speake of his friend-
ly intertaynement, because it appertayneth partly to my charge.
At fir N.O. his first entraunce into the house, Alpha Omega taking
him by the hande and bidding him according to the rules of conue-
sie most hartely welcome, shewed him all the commodities of the
house, and ledde him into a sayze large gallerie lying on the west side
of the house, where first desirous to know his name, his native coun-
try and linage, and after great parlance more (which were to tedious
here to recite:) the boyde dryng courced after a stately manner,
supper bywe neare, wherof byring warned by the Steward of the
house, she desired him to take a smal repast, who (thankeing hir for hir
curtesie) sat downe as he was placed of the Grome, whiche was at
the upper end of the boide next to his Ladie, on whome he many a
deeply eye did cast. What should I here byrig in the number and
sortes of dayntie dishes, or the curious caruyng and seruice at the
boide? shewyng whercof is as easie as the numbring of the starrs
in the skies, or the telling of the sandes in the seas. Per thinke I it
good and Opere premium, here to reduce their prettie Poems and Poes-
icall Pamphlets conuerged from the one to the other, so: he that

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beareth the ground and pithe therof, Wall fynd *aliquid salis* in them
 (as the pomebe goeth.) first *N. O.* marking greatly his behauiour
 and gestures, oft tymes cast his glauncing eyes (as he thought) by
 stealth vpon his, winking muche withall wherat *N. O.* maruelling,
 asked him if the light of the candle daid his eyes. To whome he re-
 plied thus: Not so, here dayne I winke for feare, least my too much
 contemplation of thy wonderful beaultie daze my greedy eyes, for by
 proofe I fynd it not ouer easy to clyme the *E. gles* nest, and thy great
 curtesie is a ready repulse to my rudenesse, yet beare with my blyn-
 king folly: for it is great good will that graunteth me, and the feare
 of repulse maketh my heart to freeze. Wherfore I beseech thee, graunt
 fire in time to thaw. Good Sir (quoth she) to find fire in frost, I count
 it better lost. I graunt (said *N. O.*) who findeth fire in frost, he finds,
 but yet helius by losse, but who findeth frost in fire, hee gapeth for
 good lucke. And yet although for feare my hart doth freeze, and craw-
 leth your lincly countenance to thawe the same, yet hath the trump
 of thy beaultie kindled such sparkes of hotte burning coales, as not
 all the water in the sea is able, yet one drop of the dew of thy lincly
 countenance may quench the same. Wherfore as after a maner I
 craved fire to thawe my fearful freezing: so now (as informed to the
 same) I craue the lincly dew of thy countenance, to quench or lay
 the heat of these my kindling coales. Wherat with smirring lips
 she smiled, thinking he coulde not perceyue his, but therof she was
 deerefynd. Whiche heared him on further to haue sayd, but that the
 band beinge discovered, the sweete musicke and melodious harmo-
 nie called vpon them to dance. His Table lyfke wife (maruelling
 at his *Phenician* tongue,) took him by the hand, crauing him to lead
 her a galliard: wherof I dare sweare not mispyng) he granting
 his request, fulfilled his demaunde: they troced as neare as I can
 remember *Apollon* his wydes) the gracious galliardes dedicated to
 the Goddes, and afterward those meales, whose setting and ge-
 stures liued best his turne, and some of their hartes likewise danc-
 ed pynfully loth to departe. But (their legges fainting) he gave his la-
 die the *Zucado de Zabras*, and led her againe to the place from whence
 he yelded her selfe. So came after the companies leaguynge their pastime
 (the

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(The Chamberlayn willing to shew him his chamber, he curiously bid his Ladie good night, saying what she had graunted, he meant to put in by. Altherby (as I suppose) he meant the graunt of declaring his mynd by writing. Altho graciously wishing him good rest, sayde: What my lippes haue spoken, myne honour can not denye. Thus taking his leave, he marched towards his chamber, whiche he founde all hang'd with whyte and blacke. Altho knowing well the vertue of eche coloure, and the myrring of the same, thought verily her swymmed agaynst the streame. For (as I haue heard some say) these colours pretended virginitie unto death. But yet N. O. knowing that out of one mouth cometh both hote and colde, and knowing his hearte woth feare to leake more and more, thought long vntill such time as some telltale paper had blazed his priuie scalding eyes and false teares to whome her lewd best Altherfoze sone after his entring into the chamber, he discharged the Chamberlayn of his dutie, and made this letter following in a rebinsle, to giue to his Ladie at his first sight.

N. O. to his befbeloued A. O.

With the morning salutation, or rather with an humble kinde of gratulation, which Venus vouchsafed to all the gentle comets, and Mars his darling the *Perseus* manes, (as lingring loue commaundeth me) I saluer thee my second selfe, and greete thee here in blabbing paper poetically, not licentious as testifieth the same. For why? if springes and seas were turned to ynke, if lands were turned to paper, if shrubs & trees were turned to penne, if al the fads in seas were ink, if euery man took pen in hand, if Apollo & Pallas shuld giue them wisdom, if Mercurius ambages, and Aesculapius insinfr, yet would their ynke be dyled vp, their paper spent, their penne stubbed, & to be short their wittes graunted: yet would thy features be vnfoundred, the which in number passe the sands in seas, and eke the glittering starrs in skies. Thy same doth pierce y cloudy roupes which *Perseus* tynders suborne, it pierced hache the duske skyes: thus arte thou borne from Mount to mounte, whose same shall neuer die: and if I might

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wight be bolde to speake without the wrath of sayned Goddes, then
would I say, that *Iuno*, *Pallas*, and *Venus* adorned themselves with
thy beautie, and *Egeria* suppozed byr selfe by thy shap. No maruel
then (deare Dame) if I through the sound of thy Veneriall trumpe
haue not onely bene trapped, but also rauished of my fatall senses:
for none otherwise doth thy reluct brauty and surpassing qualitties
early display before mine eyes, then doth the golde glistering beames
or bright arayes of *Phaebus* display vpon the earth, when through
his force, the dimme and darksome skyes with clowdie roupes are
put to flight, the whiche (owell of life) hath not onely with fire
flakes, and flasing flames of ardent loue set my harte on fire, but
also (as annexed vnto it) hath rayled suche surging seas of carpyng
care, as not *Iupiter* his head (I thinke) was euer so pestered, what
tyme he borrowed *Vulcanus* axe to hew *Pallus* out of his bpayne,
as at this time am I through the feruent desire whiche I beare vn-
to thee. Thus hath the trumpe of thy beautie conueyed me to the
narrow of *Cylla* and *Charybdis*. Either if I seeke to Minne, my ru-
sicall deedes will serue me to be *Pan*, and my folly in seeking to
kicke against the gode, will say playnly in foolishnesse I passe *Me-
rychus*. Wherefore I see, either I muste sinke in *Syrtes* sandes, els
drowne in *Leibe* lake. Thus is thy loue a Labyrinth to me for my
likyng, I a topling *Thesem*, and all for spending: yet suffer me not
to be tossed in thy Labyrinth, whome great good will hath grauel-
led. My hart is in thy thall, my corpele requires no lesse, by suite I
craue, graunt, saue my life, by chynne to holde me ty, least that thy
beautie bidde me say I tasted *Circus* cuppe. For though I haue ta-
sted a sharpe frosty winter, yet (standing to thy curtesie) I gape for
a riue *Pyramide*, frostylyng with his eaulme sweete *Adiesterne*
windor Let me not therfore be sed with a bayne hope, if yea talgnes,
say yea, if n^o, nay, yet such a weake nay, as thereon I may buylde
such a frostfast foundation of perill requitance, as not *Eolus* with al
his windes may shake the toppe, much lesse moue the fundation
thereof, whiche graunted, perswade thy selfe to finde me as tried in
truth, as *Romeus* and *Iuliet*, and as frostfast in faith, as *Possistratus* to
Catana, who doest in my sight *Hermes* his golden *Aphroditis* passe.

Wherefore

Golden Aphroditis.

Altherfoze blame me not, if I wisbe the Harpistesse of *Lyncus* his sight, that every crevice I might find out, yea that thowow the harde flinte and stony walles my glauncing eyes might be fixed vpon the linely Shape of the cozpozall betwe, whereby I might inioye thy company, or at the least haue the fruition of those sweete *Adisnerne* windes, whiche I hope will bzath out of those thy sugered lippes. For if (as one constrayned thereto) I went aboute of *Lethe* lake to taste, yet should I but doe as the Giants did, who (as the Poetes sayned) with their engins of *Sciffes*, moued warre against nature, whiche assuredly exceedeth the bandes of my force, wherfoze take pite vpon him, who is, and wil be whyle life both laste, moze yours than his stowe.

Yours in harte N.O.

This (being finished) he layed his drowle head vpon his softe pillow to sleepe: but (God wote) it was so soze pestered with the tedious thoughtes of his sayze *Ladie*, that whilest he thought to haue rested his worried limmes in a bedde of security, his senses were rested (as it were to the thirde heauen) with feare of digression. Thus (as one being placed where pleasure was, and coulo not participate the same) with many a sobbing sigh, and skalding teare he wexed fwozth the tedious night, in hope, that if the *Muses Thaleia* and *Polyymneia* fauoured his tong, as well as *Phabus* and *Calliope* the direction of his penne, his rising shoulde be on the right side on that day: yet wexed he so his effeminate bande to the siege of backward affection, that both trumpe and drumme sounded nothing for their *Larum*, but *Baccare, Baccare*: yet as the sound of trumpe and stroke of drumme encourageth not a little the henlyke man to martiall feates, bloudoy acts, and warlike pzooves, thinking thereby to rayse an euerlasting fame whiche neither the obliuion of memozy shoulde foulder in earth, nor yet the antiquitie of tyme shall turne to dust: so the onely sounde of trumpe & drumme (though in derbe the troupe of frowarde affection, stode as it were a bande of moztall enimies befoze him, seekyng the spoyle of his innocent bloude) inforced him to sette the best legge fozewarde, knowing that *Phabus* with his radiant rayes is able to put the cloude rouses to flight, and therefore

D. liij.

with.

Golden Aphroditis.

with a good courage he gan to rouse himself. *Altho*(after the thing placed in order about him(thought to haue greeted his Ladie with the morning salutation, as other of his self haue vsed to do, and running through the gallery which led him to his chamber, he met (as fortune would) with his Ladie upon the sodayne, who not grieved with his chance, wel liking the place, and not misliking the tyme, taking him by the hand, & giuing him the curtelle of *Aurora*, she commaunded him humble secte to encounter a turne of twayne about the galerie, where leauing sojain matters, they parted at the best of domesticall and priuate affaires. But yet as our woro diueth forth an other, so this parlance being sone ended, *N.O.* issued forth in this sort : Lady(quoth he) I see dame *Pallas* in thre bath played hir part, wherfore he not offended with my incroching vpon thee, being desirous to be absolved of this doubt, which is : A valiant captain trusting the creaking wordes of his souldiers, not knowing their manhood, & pressed in hast therunto)bringeth the to the field, whom soe assault (for the most part) proues rather cackling hennes, than skilful souldiers in martial exploits. For bring vnironed, or rather(as it were, hedged in rounde about of their enemies(who in deed were too strong for them) hauing no way to flee but through the surging Sea, some like hennes hauing small lust to cackle, being expelled off their nestes, adventure to scape the seas, and are drowned. The second companie stand to the direfull dent of battred shield, and are Daine. The third(seeing no resistance) yeld to their enemies, in hope to synde lyfe, where not seldeome we finde lyfe to be none. The captaine seeing his band broken, and his armye scattered, standeth in a quandare, not knowing what to doe. Thus good Lady(my question being moued) my demaund is in this case, if you were captayn, which of these thre companies would you hold withall? The Ladie marking well his proposition, made answer in this sort : My knight (quoth she) this case is playne, the valyaunt souldioure hadde rather truste to the force of his armes amiddest his enemies, than in the selde a saye paye of brekes to shew. Therefore, who bled that wayne of manhood, I iudge were iustly serued: the

Golden Aphroditis.

Wise and skylfull Souldiers (seeing *Mars* to will vnder them,
and *Mercuries* Distings not to ppeuayle) will rather yeld, standing
to the curthe of their enemies, than more boldly then wisely runne
headlong into their owne destruction: For nought but dyrefull death
by seeking the extreme at tyerous handis doth happen.

Wherefore, who courtroously yelded (seeing none other remedy, if
I hardt bene thy) Captayne, with them I would haue holden.
Then (quoth *N. O.* marke well the consequent: the case bring myne,
and you the Castell whyche I seeke to wyne, (*Mars* strow-
nyng vpon mee) I yelde, what would you doe? Take all
your goodes (quoth the Ladye) for inuoying agaynst mee, then
bynding you by solemn othe and protestation whyle lyfe doth
laste, neuer to beare spere and shilde agaynst mee in the fildes
agayne, with lyfe and hymne you shoulde departe. Some as-
suredly (sayth he) as a greater curthe I would not with, so thus
much (as enforced thereto) I craue. For why (sayth Ladye) in
suche thunderyng softe both clipping *Zeus* scounde smyth the losse
Tarantare of thy amiable trumpet, that needes I muste pferre
my rude wordes vnto thy learned eares. Thou art (oh amorous
dame) that strong and stedfast Castell of amitie whych *Cupide* in-
fozeth my heart to inuoy: Loue is my standerbe whiche brarrith by
the banner of affection, vnder whome Dame *Venus*, interceyth my
wittes to fyghte: I am that capitayne, whose waylesfull eyes be-
holdeth myne armie scattered. Feare of denyall is that platte scul-
dour, who wyth open mouth and continuall crye calleth vpon
me to aduerture the dangerous *Zeus*, whyche I see by no me-
anes can be compassed without the ferre of *Charon*. Wherefore
it is iustly alluded, not all the weapons of *Ares*, are able to ayme
fear: and Hope (for bycussies sake) is that Souldier whyche
standeth to youre curthesye, whose shoulde in this my extreme
tie) as seemed best by your former opinion) I make my pillar
of assistance. Wherefore (thou radiant Starre) seeing an easie
conquest requirith the Conquerours clemencye, my trem-
bling sougour gyueth place.

Alpha Omega lpyng well
this

Golden Aphroditis.

this ready deuotion, so aptly alluded with an vnlayned similitude, with hypocrite lippes answered, *Rome was not buylded in one day*, wherewith N.O. helde him as content for that tyme, deliuering vnto hy; this foze recited letter, saying: if We wanted a bottome whereon to winde hy; silke, that waste paper would aptly serue hir turne. *Albercat* (she plucking forth hir sampler) accepted his wyrring willingly, saying: if it serued not for white it should serue for blacke, but (perceauing suddenly somewhat to be inclosed therein) Wee turnyng hir backe towards him, opened it hastily, whererin We founde a pretie ring, hauyng a true louers knot of white and blew ribbon tyed thereupon, the poesse whererin grauen was this, *Par pariterfer*, at the ende whercof We found a hande reachyng forth a harte, who had no sooner spied it, but closed it vp as hastily as eartst Wee vnfolded it, and turnyng hir face towarde him agayne, filled his eares with a womans excuse, saying, if all were golde that glistered, Wee had a harte of golde, meaning as well by the colours of the knot, as by the grauing of the hande and harte in the ring, who answered: what you meane (saye Dame) I know not, but this I know, that tyme trieth truth in every place. She replied him againe, then holde you content, for hereafter commeth not yet, but N.O. desirous of farther hope, bolted forth once moze saying, I graunt to your silence, for haste maketh waste. N.O. perceauyng this wide shotte, inferred, delay breedeth daunger: what We meant thereby I can not tell, but yet it was pretily deuised, seeing him hote on the spurre (as in taking his leaue) to make a poesse returne, but yet I thinke if his busynesse had not bene thereafter, his spurres would haue frozen (for want of heat) vnto his heeles, befoze he would haue departed: for iudge ye whether his harte daunced lothe to departe or no, when as breakfast beyng ended, and he ready to mounte vpon his Chenall, taking his leaue after the pleasantest order that might be, sayed, *Adie*, though my body departs, my harte and minde yet remayneth in thy custodie, thus hoppyng thy coeple to be the house whererin two faithfull hartes do shewre, I commit you to the highest to direct thy pathes as wel in the diuision of *Venus* as *Cupide*: who musically answering, sayd, *The Dyamant cutteth the Glasse*. Thus vying the trade of Dame

Venus

Golden Aphroditis.

Penny his souldiours, in shewing their myndes by signes & noddes he departed, but (God wote) full soze agaynste his will, thinking eche houre ten till his returne againe: Yet was he no sooner departed, but in short tyme after, came I.I. an olde courtier of A.O. who seeing in all his dealings the more he ranne, the more behynd, thinking it in vayne longer tyme to waste, stayed not, but wrote vpon the gallerie doore, *Veni, vidi*, saying vnto his Lady: Seeing you haue ofte giuen me (as Terence sayth) *Nodum in scirph querere*, be holde here your rushe agayne, the knottes whereof are as ready to grauell your wits, as in time past they haue bin to wast my wynd. Thus departing, he gaue his Lady this letter following, saying: The peachie will haue wine, and the figge water.

I.I. his deuice to A.O.

The soaring Hauke beyonde his skill who seekes to soare so hye,
That worried wings shall him annoy befoze he footing fyndes:
The recklesse birde on euery branch that seekes to prone and pyre,
The sayler of his launching ship the naut which weakly bindes,
At length shal breed their bathing bane to scourge thē in their kindes.

And though the change of pasture helps by pwole to make fat calves,
Through sickenesse yet, the rolling stone we see can take no masse:
Wherefoze sith you will dayly seeke eche thing to part by halues,
Think for your part, & for your pains, nought else to gain but dross
For while you seeke a greater gaine, your wittes in vaine you losse.

Pour selfe to be the rolling stone, and I your *siphon*
You sought to make, but all in vaine, I learned haue to shunne,
The poysoning plagues of Circes cup (as did *Promethew*)
Which was him sent as satwe, for by which erst by stealth he won:
Wherefoze with leysure now repent, with haste what you begon.

Sith *Socrates* vs byd deuide one *Penny* into two,
In two likewise *Dan Cupid* God, loue toymentes to abate:

E.

There.

Golden Aphroditis.

Wherefore you will (as none erst did) his corpes denide in mde, (late,
Which plainly shewes your chāge to choice, your chāge I mean of
Which turnd your friends to mortall foes, by chāging of your mate.

When *Scelus* mindes to raigne, then *Boreas* nedes must hast,
Elleborus hath me purged, I now desir thy crew.
By wote I finde an ape an ape, in purple be the platt.
Let who list do as *Argus* did, kepe thee within their meto:
Pet who so list, o: who so doth shal neuer finde thee true.

And sth you thinke your beautie such, as none inioues the like:
To *Platis* Citie, fairies lande, o: to *Vesopia* wenne:
Pea sth you thinke your wisedome such, as no man hath the like:
In desertes thinke (as *Tymon* did) go seeke some caue o: denne,
There to inioy your giftes alone, imparted not to men.

Perhappes *dan Phabus* in the day, *Minippus* else by night,
In sight, which passe *Linceus* eyes, will spie thee forth at length,
Which bedding eyes from sun & Moone, who ranisset with thy sight,
In beauf wil place thee as a star, none can withstād their strength.
Thus thou dispising mortall men, the Goddes enioyes at length.

Mitto tibi frōtem Veneris, mediumque Dianæ,
Principium lucis quod mare claudat item.
Tempus erit quo tu quia nunc excludis amātes
Frigidia disertè nocte iacebis anus.

This token herein closed I sende as for my last farewell.
Tis *Eglantine*, which plainly shewes where sweete there soure lay.
My loue at first (most like the leaues) did giue a fragrant smell.
But now at last, tis like the prickes most hurtful bearing sway.
Pet as the prickes do peeelde no hurt,
Unlesse some one abuse the smell:

Golden Aphroditis.

So had my last bene like my first,
If thou the first had vsed wel.
Hereafter let by none so light,
As I haue founde thee set by me:
Least they then doe as I do now,
Take of thy belles, and let thee flee.

She receyued this letter with a coy looke, saying: adeto good fir,
I suffer the yll, hoping for the good: but in hoping to take two pige-
ons with one beane you are deceyued (quod I. I.) and thus he: took
his flight. She seeing this, red his letter, which picked hir not a
little: and set hir ouer the shoes in dumps. I wil not say she would
willingly haue bene reuenged, but yet I dare say it rubbed hir on y
gall as muche as the strokes grieved *Venus* which *Diomedes* gaue
hir, when with weapon she would haue bene reuenged vpon him,
but that *Iupiter* calling hir aside, sayde: Daughter mine, thine office
is not to be occupied in warlik affaires, but aboute toyers & louers,
wherefore attende about loue kisses, embracings and pleasures, and
as for martiall Princes, *Mars* and *Bellona* haue the charge thereof:
thus all women are not acquainted with *Tisiphones* nature (though
for the most part they are) as appeareth by *A.O.* for she not desirous
of reuengement, & fearing least it should be blotone by *Boreas* blasse
of *Sarmatia* vnto hir louers eares, bydeled hir nature with the bytte
of affection, and clapped him in *Sampsons* post. For I. I. not minding
longer to proceede in suche hauens of assistaunce, seeing *Neptune*
with his three forked mace in this his long nauigatio neuer furthe-
red his sute. And *A.O.* for hir wittes securitie refrayned hir pen fro
blotting further paper in answering y craggd clusses of his former
letter, whereby thys matter quailed, as one whose browes had *Mor-
phem* bound and layde to slepe ouer head and eares in the knowe of
Tygetus, vntyl such tyme as *Titan* with his parching beames hadde
turned his bed to naught. But while their wits thus layled in a bed
of securitie. *N.O.* (dayly troubled with the ruby blushings of *Aura-
ra*, & oft warned by the example of Lady *Ver*, to greete his lady by
wytting in the absce of his body: who sheweth hir grace in greene
til Autumne yeldes the fruit thereof) greeted his lady in this order.

Golden Aphroditis.

N.O. his visitation of A.O. by writing.

NERE drownd in dūps of drowlines, shal *Morpheus* bind my bed
 With kercher dipte in *Limbo* lake? Shall drowly dumps forbid
 My penne to shew the zelous lone which I to thee do beare?
 No no: if *Dytus* dungron darke did hedge thee in, to feare
 I woulde not perle my lively spirites: for why? not *Tartars* denne,
 Not *Cerberus* bit, *Auerne* deepe, nor yet the *Gorgon* femme,
 Not *Plutoes* grill y gates I say, nor yet *Megera* fierce,
 The *stygian* pole, with thousand moze, which now for to reberle
 It were too long: not *Phlegeshans* flame shuld bar me fro thy sight,
 But needes I woulde aduenture all to winne thee in despiight.
 Altharfoze accept my willing pen discrying thus my hart,
 Tūtil my corps doth come in place, and maketh good his part.
 Thus fare you well my gemme of ioy, the fountayn of delight.
 Farewell once moze, thou wel of lye, thus takes my pen his flight.
 Fill vp my lampe with oyle of grace. N.O. *I schome*

*I youe to be,
 Your Royall be.
 Adore.*

This Letter pleased A.O. verie wel for þ time. But yet as mirth,
 so sorow requireth a time. For sone after the reading hereof, the
 trumpet of newes sounded in his eares a strange amozous combat
 foughten in the north part of the world, wherein all remoyse of con-
 science being banished quite, and pitie taking no place, so lōg as the
 baner of affection was holden vp, and the arming weapons of *ve-*
nus would holde, they spared not what beaultie forced to, but lying
 with l'yalitie they forced not of bzutifinnesse, thinking *consentaneum*
 what l'ye best their lust, for instrust they knewe might well ac-
 cept, yet not condemne them. A.O. crediting the bzuite of this
 trumpet, whose *Esche* full ofte resoundeth an vntrouth, (as nowe
 manifestly appeareth) who bzuted (contrary to veritie) N.O. to be
 one of those grevlie fouldiers, or rather hungrie-dogges who filled
 their gorge (most like to the carryon *Ryle*) with durle puddyngs,
 & knowing his debitation, to be in þ defiled & unlucky clymat zone,
 which thus had tansackt his byrnes, all (cladding his corps with
 mourning

Golden Aphroditis.

mourning weedes, most lyke a befall mayd, or rather a sacred bir-
gin, long lulled in *Husks lappes* with vapoured eyes and boyled
breast, which earst had bathed him in good will, caused his secretarie
to write vnto him in this order.

A.O. to his lover, charging him with an vntruth.

With vapoured eyes, & scalding sighes, my tedious steps I trace,
With wailful weedes I clad my corps, salt tears brodws my face:
A boiling brest like *Aetna* hill, subdues my swelling hart,
And ransack't baines perswades me now to thinke on *Cupid's* darte,
I see my heart with inward thoughts hath bathed in good will,
That bounde which seekes by ranging foote a virgins rule to spill.
Which lothsome death with fearful mace commands to work my dome,
With ayde lykerwise of sisters three to finish swyth my tombe.
O Ladies of the Destiny, shal this a guerdon bee
In lieu of my good will bestowed? may nought occasion bee
To bulwark my defence in neede? haue I a rolling stone
All wrapt in gold, as if it were a gemme that petre had none?
Well well *N.O.* vnlesse you proue your selfe a peerlesse gemme:
Inconstancie will me perforce constrainne thee to condemne.
By proufe we see, what golden is, the same hath glittering appeares,
As *Phobus* hath his radiant rayes, *Pallolus* eke that beares
His siluerie sands on *Hoze*, and *Tamus* castes his golde to lande
Pea *Lydim* hath his golden streames, and *Hermes* glittering sande:
So Vertue would not lurke vnknowne, if vertue did thee rule,
But needs wold shine like glittering beames, though wrapt in friers
Report could not subuert thy fame, if thou þ virgins path (cule.)
Had trode by rule of Virgins lawe, or bathed thy selfe in bath
Of loyall loue. But yet I hope how that Dan *Eccho* sailes,
With mūbling voic' of soltring tong (thogh truth imbarke þ sailes.)
Wherfore as one deuolde of ioye, and yet would faine reioyce,
Imbarke this foaming froth of waues, then with of pleasure choyce
I may adorne my daisy banke, whiche delectable seemes
To those, whose greedie senses seekes the scent which flowers teem.

And thus. Adieu.

*From my lodge where I march, all with my dumpe the Muse.
videlicet Melpomenes.*

A.O.

3

Golden Aphroditis.

This letter being written with the iuyce of a Lemmon for the secretie thereof, bycause (as some say) it can not be red vnlesse it be helde nere to the fyre, and eke this sudden charge seemed very strange vnto N.O. and no maruell, seeing he was accused of his enemies, & halfe condemned of his Lady, not being guiltie of the crime, neither knowing what she ment thereby. Yet many thoughts occurred bys mazed wittes, but which to take vnto his senses serued not, neither knewe hee howe to answer this letter (his meaning lying vnknewen) the inditing whereof caused him much to muse, for that it seemed rather vnto him the deuice of *Melpomenes* the chiefest Muse than the wit of any other learned cleark, though in deede he had of long tyme bene fostered by with *Muses* mylke, his clearklike pen he thought condemned his rurall wittes. Yet knowing himselfe in all respectes vnspotted and vndefiled, seeing *Veritas non querit Angulus*, he framed his rurall penne (as he thought) to answer in this sort.

N. O In his owne defence,

Shal *Zeilus* he, or *Momus* mates imball my penne to write?
 Or shal the want of *Homers* quill, or *Virgils* bayne to endyte,
 A new diffaled *Chass* make of these my pestered wittes?
 Not so, though *Trions* trumpet shill on synned fith that lites,
 Hath blased vnto your tentiue eares, what honoz might besame,
 Sith I vnguiltie am thereof, I wil not seeke the same
Terulse, for whye I know that tyme ech thing wil bring to light:
 And truth it selfe wil come in place gainst falthoodes force to fight.
 By phrase of filed style you seeme a verdist rash to giue
 Of prisoner pours to dye, but yet it grauntes my state to liue.
 By rolling stone, and ranging hounde vnconstant me to be,
 Your painting penne by art declares: yet shal you neuer see,
 Nor know my senses, for to know the bzeath of any wight
 Saue thou alone, as *Biblia*, who when *Duellus* hight
 Him selfe to haue a sinking bzeath by open parlance mayde
 Of Roman dames vnto his face: I haue not knowen (she sayde,)
But

Golden Aphroditis.

But all mens breath haue bene alike, such was the bestial line
Of that hir chosen path, as wel the stozies doe decline.
Wherefore in suspence now let hang, the iudgemente of my dome,
Till truth through time for salshodes coyps hath finisht by a tome.

*Thou fare thou wel my iemme of ioy
Let not our absence breede annoy.*

N.O. After the deliury of this letter thought lög (as louers do) to
heare an answer of h^e same. Which seeing it came not according to
his expectation, he mounted vpon his bayarde gray, making a poste
lozney (being hotte on the spurre) partly to visite his Ladye, and
partely to aunswere vnto hir objections, whiche no doubt but in
thundering wise some after his comming he poured forth. I might
doe wel here to bying in the curiosity of louers & the care they haue
al things should be as neare as might at h^e greeting of their Ladies.
But especially in things about their forehead, because it is h^e fronte
of their army which stādeth in case to make oꝝ marre, as in mundi-
fyng their beardes, cristalling their teeth, correcting their haire,
cutting their sublabes, oꝝ in demediating the haire of their heads,
some again in turning their monchachous the Turkie way, in wa-
shing their temples with rose water, & other some desire to perfume
their clothes, and set their ruffes after the french fashion. Thus to
be shoyt, euery one delighteth in one thing oꝝ an other whereby they
should eleuate the spirites of their faire Dames, as with fragrant
floures, which represent their Ladies, oꝝ else with sweete perfumes
whiche giue occasion to the prouocation of pleasure, as in opening
their appetites, oꝝ else they haue taken it of a custome of Venus,
who (as the greeke Poetes affirme) neuer departed from any place
not leauing an exquisite perfume and odorous smell behinde hir in
token of hir pŕesence: and as for their floures (as I saide before)
some weare them for a representatiō of their ladies, as things most
desired, and some agayne weare them to giue vnto their La-
dyes, as things moste agreeyng wyth theyꝝ appetites. But
happy is hee (I thinke) to whome hys Ladye gructh

Golden Aphroditis.

a nosegay, because the proprietie of al women is rather, to take than
giue, and thus by such trifling toys louers vs to dye in themselves
and liue in others, the hart being moze where he loueth, than where
he giueth life: the eye likewise will alway be fixed where the hart is
entered, thozow the preaching of Cupids leaden Mastes. But softe
hold you here contented with these sofly toys, untill occasion serue
to bying such like in place. N. O. had no sooner greeted his Ladye
with an humble salutation, but she hardly forbearing the suppressio
of hir hart, tolde him incontinently what she had hearde: Who an-
swering sayde, the higher the Sun, the lesser our shadowes are, and
Asterkes keeping his light within, sheweth it forth by little and
little, yet who so beholdeth it thozowly shal find it in proprietie most
like to the starre. Wherewith and such like he clearly acquitted him
selfe from all hir former suspitions, to the great contentation of the
both. For such was the force of the priuy stroke of affection (as hee
sayth) that beauty hir self seemed but vgly in his sight, in compari-
son of the rosed cheeks of his lady, which his outward eyes and in-
ward hart had chosen by howe to be his wedded mate: wherupon he
craued of his *Trust* (for so he had termed hir) that what soeuer he said
in hir presence (as perforce constrained therunto) it might bee taken
not to proceede of any dissimulation, but rather of a pure and con-
trite hart, who (refrayning hir tong for a season) said. *As I finde so
in time will I loose* (meaning thereby) (as I thinke) that if she found
him loyal, saythful, and trusty as he had professed, then woulde she
lose him from suspicion of dissimulation. But tel me sir (quoth she)
can the force of affection so rule in any creature, that what seemeth
not only foule and filthy, but also thozow mishap of body vggly
in others sight, the same shoulde seeme moste beautifull and wel pro-
portioned in his sight? why not Ladye (quoth he) for if a womā hath
matched hir selfe to one as vggly, misshapen, and misshaued as
Thersites, as hoary, wrinckled, tanned, and withered thozow age as
Nestor, and yet perswade hir selfe, that neither beautifull *Nireus*, faire
Phaon, nor yet *Phobus* him selfe were comparable vnto him, why
shold not this man, as wel like hir as if he were y best fauoured and
comeliest person, aliue? likewise if a mā taking to wife one, so vgly
as

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misshapen, foule, filthy, and misshapen, that vglyer coulde not be, as seemely as a cowe in a Cage. a dogge in a dublet, or a sowe with a saddle, yea such a one indeer as hath no one sparke of comelinesse wherby to delight the meanest mā alive, though his innocencie were such, as to chuse for *Minerva* a Sowe, (as þe proverbe goeth): yet thinketh hir to be as comely in personage as *Aegeria*, and of as faire a complexion as *Venus*, why should not this disfigured thing be unto him, (so supposing) as it is *Ageria* in pernage as it were, & a second *Venus* in beautie? Marcell not lady at this, for dayly examples do tell us thus much, and more than this for neede appours: for what was it but blinde affection whiche moued *Syllis* to fall in loue with hir owne byother? and *Mirsha* to kisse hir father most of all? or where was affectiō when poore *Pisphac* was rauishd with the sight of a Bul? But how farsoyth did sonde affection rule in *Clisophon*, raging (non mediusriter) vpon an Image at *Samos* made of white paris Marble? In *Pigmalion*, towards a white yuorie image of naked *Venus*: & in a yong man a Citizen of *Athens*, who so feruently ragd in fleshly lust towards an image of good fortune, standing at the *Prytaneum* of *Athens*, that most oftentimes he louingly embraced it, and kisse it most sweetely, being very desirous to buy it of the Senate, offering for the same a mightie masse of money? but so outragiously did it raigne in the thre Gentlewomen mentioned in þe Courtier, that they fel in loue with a gentlemā at the sight of a letter in his commendatiōs, whom as yet they neuer saw. Such is the force of sonde affection. If this be true whiche stories make plaine, what marcell is it then (faire Ladye) that I with the sight of the am rauishd? whose liuely countenance feedeth as well myne eye, as did the disputations of learned men in scholes feede the eares of the worthy Emperour *Charles* the fourth, who seemest in my sight faire *Helen* of *Troy*, *Polixene*, *Caliope*, yea *Atlanta* hir selfe in beautie to surpass, *Pandora* in qualities, *Penelope* and *Lucretia* in chastenesse to deface. Oh God why seeme I thus thy power to disgrace? who seemest rather in honour *Iuno*, in wisdom *Pallas*, in beautie *Venus*, in shap of personage *Aegeria*, in chastitie *Diana*, & to be thygt, in huswifery *Minerva*. O how durst I presume to lay

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my bated finger vpon thy stately corps (I vnwozthy therof) whose
relucnt beames as yet *Gradatim* doe increace, whiche shewes by
perfect plea thy courtous harte, and eke thy bzaue demeanure ther-
withal: These fonde sayned fancies (quod she) and wanton foolish
eyes discerneth a glasse of dissembling water, but an x, o; a nob
shall serue for a due garde, yet what make you then of beaultie by
this quoth she? *Plato* defined it lady (quoth he) to be a priuiledge of
nature: *Carnades* a solitary kingdome: but *Pomponius* sayde, that
there was nothing moze acceptable in an honest woman: *Aristo-
tle* affirmed, that beaultie is moze woorth than all the letters of com-
mendation: *Homer* commended it for a glorious gifte of nature,
and *Ouid* called it a grace of God. You seemed me thought (sayde
A. O.) to define this vpon the beaultie of an honest woman: but
what thinke you of a Curtisan? who answered: their beaultie
(sayeth *Socrates*) is a tyrannie of shorthe tyme: *Theophrastus* a secret
decreyte: and *Theophrastus* a delictable damage. This perty defini-
tion, and clatwpyng by course of tongue lyked A. O. very well: but
especially to heare hyr selfe commended of hyr bestbeloued before
Atlanta, who somety me boze the bell of beaulties pryce in that hyr
natiue soyle. All herfoze (his talke bryng ended) she sayde, his tongue
was made of massine golde, interryng mozeouer, that *Apelles* pen-
sell, nor yet *Sulpicia* the Romayne dame, were able so to paynte or
carue in tables of brasse, the stately corps of *Venus* ruffling
Pimples, as was his tong their features to discerne. Not so (deare
dame) I would (quoth he) my tongue such bigoz had, as to expresse
thy vertues all which harte could neuer thinke, ne penne much lesse
(as I suppose) with ease might well subscribe, whome *Marcia* she,
that all surpassed hath in perfect worke in imagerie, could not byr
pensell frame in hande thy outward Mappe to graue, although in
deede (as stories doe vnfold) she nought did vse in those hyr liuing
dayes but caruing worke, to paynte, or else to drawe the Mapes of
those whose beaultie was a patterne to beholde for ruffling dames,
yet would she neuer carue nor drawe the shape of any man, leass
that the sight of carnall things might rayse such carnall lustres, as
might abydge hyr virgins laters. Suche was hyr cholen parhe.

This

Golden Aphroditis.

This praying of *N.O.* his rolling tongue did encourage him not a little by polished phrase of filed stile to feede his Ladies appetites or humors with some one thing or other, whereby he might fancie what fancie most requyred. And therefore filling his ladies eares with wordes (occasion seruing him so) he fell from this treatise into the discourse of chaste Matrones, as in declaring how that, when *Atropos*, *Lachesis* and *Clothoe*, being the Ladies of the destinie had graunted to *Admetus* kyng of *Thessalia* (at the request of *Apollo*, being throwne into exile, or rather banished from the state-ly throne of the potentiall Goddes by force of *Iupiters* fearefull mace) that what tyme sooner the turnyng spindle had thowowly twyned his fatall thyrde, if any one would take vpon him death to awarde King *Admetus* his life, his proffer shoulde be accepted to requerne his former wishe. This day being common, & none would yeelde his life for *Admetus* his sake, then *Alceste* she his true and saythfull wyfe did yeelde to death for to awarde hys life. Marke how *N.O.* seeketh to frame his tongue altogether in the commendation and setting forth of women, on whome they inroched in this order. No doubt *N.O.* but the like constancie is to be founde in men? Alas Madame (quoth he) I can not for thy sake but say and thinke well of all womenkinde. Yet coulde I say as much as this of men, alluding the one with the other if so occasiō serued. And this perswade thy selfe, whylest life dothe laste, my care shall greater be of thee than of my selfe: yea *Artemisia* hys selfe, was neuer founde moze constant to hys make than I wilbe to thee: although in deede the bzute of blasing trumpe hath informed the very chies of hys chastitie, and fetthered hys fame, for that hys pure loue: who when *Mausolus* King of *Caria*, had yeilded his life to the fearefull mace of lothsome death, did call for death tenne thousande tymes to change hys state with his, who seeing his suite coulde not ppeuayle, in regall softe with princely ppep enclosed his corpes in tome, yet did she keepe his harte aboue the ground to keepe hys company, untill continuance of tyme had turned the same by course to mouldryng duste. Then putting the same in a cup of wine, she dranke it vp, saying: whyle life did last his harte from hys asunder shoulde

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not parte. But softie, holde you here content (quoth *S.O.*) and
 yeelde to silence for a season, for my bewyng' eyes haue scene
 your paynting penne, and my listnyng eares haue hearde your
 rolling tongue. But who dothe knowe your prync thoughtes?
 not I. Alhy Lady (quoth he) is the winde at that doze now? then
 I playnly see the more I seeke the lesse I finde. Sometime your wise-
 dome sayde, the *Diamond* cutes the glasse: but as yet me thinketh
 it hath not rased the skinne. Which dayly consumes my languished
 lymmes with lorthsome lyfe, and inforceth my monyng mynde to
 crie vpon my harmes so huge. Yet wisdom e warneth me to rue
 and not to rage, still lookyng for that lingryng houre whiche shoulde
 forbid my carping cares. For though thy harte were made of harde
 flinte and sturdie Steele, yet (as *Terence* sayth) *Nil tam difficile est*
quod non sceleris vincat. And eke in tyme the brasen wallis will
 parte: whiche putteth me in hope (faire Ladye) that (doing as the
*Porte Anacris*on did by *Bathillus*, *Horace* by *Ligurinus*, and the *Poe-*
tes by *Numa* and *Sernius*, who alwayes had them ryther in their
 songs, or else at the ende of their penne: thou canst not but in time
 yeelde by the title of thy harte. I trust (Lady) I haue not deser-
 ued, that thy loue shoulde waxe colder and colder towarde mee,
 neyther that thy charitie shoulde decrease, if so I haue, then vse the
 Adamant stone whiche (as *Dioscorides* sayeth) will inforce thee to
 braste it downe agayne. But what nerde I thus to mistruste thy
 discourtesie: who already haue founde thy tongue to be made of
 pure Iabaster, whiche perforce will keepe thee in amitte and cha-
 ritie with all men: thy lippes of *Achates* of *Crete*, whiche maketh
 thee gracious: and thy face of *Gerasides* (not for his colour but for
 his singuler vertue) whiche maketh thee so amiable, that no man
 can that seeth thee, but be enamoured with thee. Likewyse the force
 of it (Ladye) is such, that who carieth it close in his mouth,
 knoweth what euery one thinketh of hym. Wherefoze (Lady) I
 neede not longer to blaze vnto thee, for thou knowest full well
 my harte beyng once sette on fire with the pure l-ue which I beare
 vnto thee (moost lyke to the stone *Albesson*) can not be quenched
 agayne: neyther my mynde beyng once frozen with feare, can by
 any

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any meanes but thowowe thy gracious goodnesse be that we againe,
 lyke to the operation of *Gelena* a very white gem, whose coldnesse
 is suche, that no fire can heate the same. I well perceyue your glo-
 sing talke (quoth *A.O.*) but tell me fir (quoth she) if your harte
 continually burne why vadeth it not? who answered, as well
 I able you might haue asked mee why the hyll *Aetna* whiche
 burneth day and night is not mouldered to ashes: or why *End-
 rius* being but a little stone alwayes sweating and dropping,
 is not turned to nought? who sayng she coude not pynayle,
 sayde, it is but in hayne longer to argue with thee, for I see thy
 tongue is made of the pale and warme stone *Calcedon*, which great-
 ly befriendeth your selfe in pleadyng your cause at Dame *Venus* his
 barre. Why lady (sayde *N.O.*) doe you take me to be suche a colde
 Dratour, that if I coude shake *Dan Cupids* waste out of my
 ribbes I woulde? no no, if I had (saie Dame) the hearte *Dista-
 mus*, or *Tragion*, plated in my bosome, the growth whereof shoulde
 touche my lippes, yet woulde I not taste thereof: although in dede
 they auayled as muche in man as in the harte of *Deare*, who so
 soone as they feele the arrowe sicke amidst their ribbes, straight-
 wayth (sayng thereof) can shake it awayth. Say you so (quoth *A.
 O.*) what make you then of loue? by this I compare it Lady (sayd
 he) vnto a kynde of stone called *Pirrites*, whiche touchyng it lighte-
 ly is tollerable, but holdyng it harde in your hande it burneth your
 fingers befoze you are aware: so loue being once grafted in your
 harte, vsing it moderately, not caryng who knowe thereof, is tol-
 lerable: but being a secrete kynde of loue, and serkyng by all
 meanes possible to hyde or oppresse the same, it taketh on lyke a
 bedlem, tormentyng the owner with wayes of woe, and burn-
 yng his harte with insatiable heate. Wherfore not with-
 out a cause did *Socrates* will vs to deuide one *Venus* into twayne
Venus, and one *Cupide* into twayne *Cupids*. It is also lyke vnto a
 gem called *Lipparia*, whiche huntsmen vse to tame their game
 withall when course of *Greyhounds* faileth, the propertie where-
 of is to delight and enamour all kynde of beastes with his looke
 and shewe, vnto the sight whereof they all doe hastily runne,

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staying there untill their followers stricke the downe, so lone when nothing can, yet it will all men tame: so you (quoth she) when no man can, yet you the game will gayne. *N.O.* knewe full well what she meant thereby, and was not a litle gladder thereof, but yet because she should knowe that he understode by: meanyng (sayng it made so well for him if at any time hereafter she should denie it) he sayde: gladder am I (Ladie) *Kabiates* so to fauour me, that I shoulde not onely seeme eloquent in thy sight, but also winne fauour of thy grace. But (ladie quoth he) sayng the *Mulleke* and company breaketh off our talke, remember the *Prouerbe*, *Eate well of the Cresses*. Whereby he meant, remember our talke, for *Cresses* is an herbe whiche helpeth muche the memozy. Away they went, and nought she sayde but *mumme*. Gentles of all soye bothe male and female wanted not in this company, who sayng supper tyme was passe, they sought to recreate they: *Spirites*, some in dauncing, some in caroyng, some in dycing, and some agayne in pleasantly arguyng of Veneriall disputations, but *N.O.* thynkyng his Lady rather to delight in dauncyng than in any other exercise there vserd, (because the propertie of moste women is to delight in the same) he toke his Lady by the tender wiste, fetchyng by: from the place where she satte, and ledde by: a stately daunce called *This* rounde, a daunce sometime dedicated vnto *Bacchus*, whereto the gentles gaue they: whole consent, and helde by handes a rounde: It fell by course *N.O.* shoulde leade this trace, because he knewe it best: the tracynge of this rounde requyred in the middle thereof a conge, whiche he (forsakyng his marroll) bestowed vpon an other Gentlewoman, holdyng with handes the rounde, but not dauncing. whether he mistooke the one for the other, or thought that at all times he might be bold to kisse his owne though not the other. so wel as then, because the daunce was as a cloke to couer the rayne as touchyng his desire to the same, or the daunce so requyred, I knowe not: but sure it is *N.O.* thought no small discourtesie herein, who for manners sake stayed till the daunce was ended. But then she suddenly departed from their companies, whome *N.O.* percepyng, pursued hastily, desirous to knowe the cause thereof, to whome she answered
snap-

Golden Aphroditis.

snappingly, *One pearce may not suffice a byrde to prone and prie vpon.* Alho knowing what she meant thereby, pleased to haue entered the chamber to haue excused himself, but she locking the doze, sayd: *Tuaunt, Go rouse thy self in flaking seru.* Alho answered, *The pynle is passe, and flaking ferne dorbe wither.* Thus perceyuing his frowarde nature, beyng very sorrowfull, he went to his company agayne, and argued with them for a space, least they should take any discourtesie in his suddayne departure. Their theme was this, whether he was moste in fauour with his Ladie that receyueth any thing at hyr hande, or he of whom his Ladie receyueth ought. *N.O.* took the firste parte, & the other the latter, but *N.O.* his tongue bare the bell away, it chaunced *N.O.* talkyng of the dying of womens heare and paynting of theyr faces (occasion scruping him so) he tolde a Gentlewomen howe to clarifie hyr face, and to make it fayre (although he needed not) for *Doms* nature had played hyr parte) *videlicet* with the roote of an herbe called *Dragaunce*, beaten to powder and mingled with rose water. Whiche coming to his Ladies eares, *Nellus* *Athenas* misir, or rather *Opposit ignem igni*, as it were. But *N.O.* (freeing as it were with feare untill suche time as he had heard and also withstoode the boysterous blaues of his Ladie, hastily cut off his former disputations: and steyng close in his chamber, drussed these verses following in hyr commendation, to lay in place where they should be sounde befoze they were losse.

Pe Muses nine With grace deuine My wittes to Mize Giue not consent,	But syding hand To beare my hand Through sea & land For good intent	To rime not rayle Hold vp my sayle Let not breath faile The vertuous mode
With trumpe to blafe The condigne phrase Of hyr who stayed Where vertue stode.		

Although of *Helicone* that well
 my tongue hath not assayde:

And

Golden Aphroditis.

And though the Hoine of *Schelye*
his knowledge hath denyde:
Yet, though *Alcinous* *Dichorde* hath
his knyfe denyde my loze,
Wherby I might the apter be
my lauding carme to scope:
Yet *Arcthusa*, perle me thine
influence to indite,
And *Phobus* sharpe my willing penne,
expressly say to write
The blasing featres displaying wise
of *Natures* darlyng deare,
Whome *Vertue* she with golden mace
and trumpe dothe seeke to reare.
Yet like my selfe by paynting penne
I would so layne disguise,
Lucina graunt *Apollo* may
melodiously deuise
My filled phrase, so polished
with *Tayms* glittering lantes,
Wherby by: bewyng eyes might thinke
the redde of golden lantes.
Pe *Goddess* seclude my rural penne,
and perle a glosing stile,
With curious polished phrase,
or
with relucet stile,
Of *Tullies* famous eloquence
To playe his worthy excellence. }
Come perle thy leaues thou *Laurell* tree
to make a garland rounde:
To Crowne by: head, and let the trumpe
by: flying same resounde.
Whose features all so many are,
so worthy, and so cleare,

That

Golden Aphroditis.

That of my selfe I dare be holde
to say, she hath no peare.
Suche paynting forme, some comely hue
consisteth in hyr face,
That from the Goddess I well suppose
she may define hyr race.
Polixene saye, Caliope, and
Penelope may giue place.
Atlanta, and dame Lucretia saye,
she doth them bothe deface,
The precious orient pearle
so saye and gorgeous cleare,
Doth tellise vnto hyr mates
the whitenesse of hyr leare.
Hir lilly, liuely gallant looks
with rosed ruby ruddes,
Resembleth right to standers off
the pleasant red rose buddes.
Hyr swete and chee hyr sugred lippes,
softe, rounded lyke the berries,
Right well to me resemble doe
the crimson bloomed cherries.
So that to me poore wretche I counte
it were an heauenly blisse,
At suche a swete and sugred mowthe
to steale a pleasant kisse.
Hyr rounde, saye, and flouting cheekes
molle
rosed lyke are paynted,
What though dame Fortune caused hir
founte to be attainted?
Perforce eche harte with truth must graunt,
it can not be denyed,
But that this skar vpon hyr founte
was womanly conueyed.

G.

Alpiche

Golden Aphroditis.

Whiche seemeth from a starre }
To be a rayant starre }

Hy: butned, ruby chinne, hir face,
and eke hir necke did shine,
As though they were with Iuery white
all burnisht marvelous fine.
Hir pretty nose is somewhat hozte,
it well becomes hy: face,
Hir fryeled heare in knotted wise
is to hy: fronte a grace.
Hir temples smothe, and eke hir balnes
stande full of luskie crue.
I liken them therefore as likeliest
to Indie Sapphire blew.
Hir twinkling eyne bothe deepe and grey,
they seeme like Chyshall cleare.
Hir slury teeth, and golden tongue,
doe say mee hath no prate.
Hir fingers are bothe long and small,
hir handes are softe as silke :
The palmes thereof are somewhat hozte,
yet whiter than the milke.
Hir comely wdes are long and straight,
all shapde in massine golde.
What harte aloue coulde hy: denie
with same to be inrolde?
My harte it dothe bothe skippe and ioye
to see hir trace the grounde.
Hir feete they are so fine, and feate,
hir heeles so hozte and rounde.
But stay, O Muse, thy golden mace,
and Gange now bedewe
My paynting penne with slury streames,
that I swythwith may shewe

What

Golden Aphroditis.

What seates within this comely corpes
by parant pwoe doth rest,
I thanke thee that thou seemst to graunt
at first to my request.
Hir curteous harte, and lowly minde
adoynde with vertues rare:
Hir sober lookes with bydeled cheere
doth shewe she hath a care
To trace the chaste *Dianas* lawes
as well by deepe as thought,
That nought may seeme to scape hyr handes
whiche vertue hath not taught.
Hir tongue it rolles in Rethorickie termes
to giue eche man delighe:
Whiche rauisht hath my sencelesse wittes
by cancred *Cupids* spighte.
Alas poore wretch what should I say?
to looke on hir agayne
I may no; can it not abide,
though tis a pleasant payne.
With hyr eye to remayne,
Some hartes ease for to gayne:
This blossome of freshe flower
Beares hartes ease for hyr bower.

N.O.

Worthie to be in rolde,
With letters of golde.
Car elle vault.

These clauyng verses did N.O. lay in a narrow entrie, whiche led to N.O. hir chāber, whiche according to his expectation (as fortune would) she found in the morning at hir first sight: which being red, hyr minde did challenge them as hir right & dew; she made no wordes therof, but closed it by againe, mistrusting the authoꝝ, & maruelling

Golden Aphroditis.

maruellingly at the vnperfect ende therof, whiche *N.O.* leste so rathr,
bycause he minded was to greet his Lady with a letter depen-
dyng vpon these former verses, befoze suche tyme as he spake with
hir face to face, wherby he might the eassier iudge the authoz ther-
of. His mouing letter in manner of complainte thus began.

Whiche flower faire and freshe in *Adones* garden satv I grow:
The sight wherof hath raviſht me, ill might I it forgoe.
But (to my griefe) to winne the same, no way finde out I can:
Wherfoze this fragrant flower I mighte full iustly curse and ban,
The sight wherof and pleasant hie hath forced me to yelde
Unto their loze, as *Sirenes*, whose songs bothe sweete and milde,
Persoſce them to, doe dratv the sayers by, but none escape
Fro them alive, no moze shall I: for whyle with hope I gape
My loyes to winne, my life departes: what do I then pteuayle,
Unlesse I had *Vlſſes* arte, then might I safely sayle?
For while through pleasant outwarde sight I seeke for to obtayne
My hartes desire, and winne it not, what loyes do then remaine?
I woulde to God my wit had scrude to ſee that famous grace
Of *Percian* Kings, who neuer gor abroade with open face,
But with some lawne or ſliken ſcarfe: then if I had not spyde,
The wante wherof dothe fozte me now in torment to abide.
For why? I can not turne my ſelfe into a golden rayne,
Nor to a Bull, as *Goddeſſes* can, their pleasure to obtayne.
Wherfoze thus much, though ſtrange it be, yet iustly may I ſay,
I pleasure take, yet as my foe, it byngs me to decay.
For whyle I pleasure take to ſee, the sight both me confounde:
As doth the *Gorgan* whose ſierce eyes do yelde a deadly wounde.
And when I ſtrive to come away, and leave that pleasant sight,
I ſeeme as though with *Hydra* ſierce that ſerpent I did fight:
Altho letting one of all his heddes, ſeven ſpringeth in his ryme,
So I through boiding of this ſight, ſeuē times my cares do twine.
With hure I play the Faukner kinde, I halowe, and I woupe,
I make my liſt, I whistle ſhill, but nought will make hir ſloupe,
Wherfoze (though ſoze againſt my wil) I finde the prouerbe true,

Vnman-

Golden Aphroditis.

Frustrated Hawkes forsake the lure, whiche maketh me to rue.
I see I swimme agaynst the streame, I kicke against a gode,
I castle a stone against the winde: my tongue that nere abode
To say thee wel, my fecte to goe, my handes to do the like,
Pet you deniall giue, whiche doth my harte asunder strike.
Pet somewhat would my greedy gripes, & eke my carping cares,
My griping grieues, my sobbing sighes, and eke my tedious teares
Abate, if that but halfe my harte it would retorne againe:
What doth preuaile cōplainte or none, for nought therby I gaine?
Pet Portes say that *Trison* can with sounding trumpe inforce
Eche thing that hath exceeded bandes receiue his former force.
If this be true, then *Trison* come retrepte with me to blowe:
I call in vaine, there is no such, the Portes byaines did craue.
Pet will I wofull wighte my corps with stedfast colours clad,
As Russet deckt with Blew, as stedfast suites as may be had.
To represent my faithfull harte, a banner to be true,
And like vnto the turtle Dove whiche changeth not for new.
As carped knight thus standes my case, woe to me wofull wight,
Whose harte is like to *Aetna* hill which burneth day and night.
I spende my time in sobbing sighes, from sighes I turne to teares,
From tedious teares to pensiue playnt, and thus my life it weares.
Pea thus the shell of carping care hath put my iopes to flight:
That ioyfull tunes increase my woe, thus doe I mourne aright.
And if by chaunce I heare the sounde of song or instrument,
He thinks the tune that dolefull is doth helpe me to lament.
And as the deare whiche stricken is, dothe drawe himselfe alone,
So will I seeke some secreete place where I might make my mone,
Decluding ioy, imbracing care, the Incesse trade to bfe
I will incline, who close in walles no pleasure can peruse.
Eche side inclosde, parte of my graue my nayles shal dayly scrape,
In token that my death shal soone rewarde my cursed happe.
Pet mayst thou al with ease preuent, if pittie taketh place,
If not, then dolefull dumpes appoach to rue my wretched case.

N.O.

Golden Aphroditis.

N.O. fouldyng vp this letter in his chamber, Mistrisse *Angelica* one of A.O. by gentlewomen hauyng occasion to goe thorow his chamber, and seying him fouldyng vp these verses, snatched them away from him, but with his consent, for he knewe she woulde as well serue them vnto hir Mistrisse, as his beavy cheare and sadde countenance bled for the nonce, whiche was his whole desire. For if she had not thus bled him, he woulde haue layed them in the place of his other verses, piously kealyng away untill such tyme as this cloude were ouercast: which in deede he did. For willing the yong gentlewoman to remember hir mistrisse of this phrase, *Eare well of the Cresse*, vnknowyng to any in the house, he secretly wente his way. A.O. perceyving the beginning of these morning verses to dreyd vpon the other poetickall commendation, she perswaded hir selfe then that she perfectly knewe the author thereof. N.O. within a day or two after his suddaine departure (as most woers do, sparing no cosse) sent many a precious & cosly letwell vnto his Lady in token of his great good will towards her. But she nought regarding the cosse (by reason as it shoulde seme of the easie consuming thereby) neglected his giftes, sayyng: *Eche birde can haue corne in the haruest tyme*, meanyng thereby (as I thinke) that while she lyued in that order, she coulde not wante what mighte so easly be commen by, what soeuer it cosse. Wherupon he remembryng the commendation which sometime she sette vpon a rare and sumptuous letwell whiche *Venus* woze vpon her fronte, whole lyke for vertue was not to be founde agayne, and remembryng the common *Prouerbe* and vsuall experience, *Farre sette and deare bought doe fanseie Ladies moste of all*, he sought by all meanes possible that mighte be inuented, some pretie deuice whereby to gette the same. Altho seying the wilde boyes to haue gotten their raynes at will from vnskillfull *Phaeton*, who wilfully woulde haue the guyding of the Chariot whiche caried the radiant Sunne aboute the worlde: and knowing the same of force to prouoke a greate hurlyburly among the Goddes and Goddesses in heauen, repayred thither in haste, whome accordyng to his expectation hee founde almoste besides themselves, fearyng the consuming bothe of heauen and Earth by

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by fire. Where seying the Goddesses most of all skuddelyng and seeking to defende themselves longest from smothering, hee brought *Diana* vppon his knees, as shee loued hyr naturall daughter, to helpe him with the same. Also beyng moued with pittie, willed hym to goe vnto *Venus*, tellyng hyr that hyr temple is sette on fyre, and *Cypres* where shee was worshipped moste of all is consumed to naught, wherent (quoth she) shee will not onely rende hyr clothes, but also (neglectyng where) caste them here and there, whiche when you see hir doe, take the Jewell and goe your way. This precept lyked *N.O.* very well, who (dooyng as she had commaunded him) founde eche thing to fall out in all respects accordyng vnto hyr deuination before, wherefoze he taking vp this Jewell, departed with great ioye and gladnesse, and sent it vnto his Lady for a token, who knowyng it at the firste sighte, receyued it ioyfully, although in the byngers sighte but scornefully, by reason of hyr cloked countenaunce: for giuyng the seruauit thanks, and rewardyng him liberally, shee sente his Master none at all. Thus eche man may see, though the louers purse be strung with the blade of a leeke, as the Poetes saine by *Cupid* dreamyng of their to muche liberalitie, yet nothyng will please the froward mindes of their Ladies, if affection beare not a stroke among them, or else the gifte be as hardly wonne as this. For *Venus* percepyng hyr Temple to stande, and the Ile of *Cypres* as yet vnwalled, and seying the Father of *Phaeton* had taken vppon hym agayne the guydyng of the Sunne (at the earnest request of *Jupiter*) wared very woorthie, with the misinforme of these things, sendyng *Circes* with a cuppe of all kynde of diseases to plague him for the same. Whiche hee thowowe the aduice of his stepmother *Diana* bitterly refused. But *Venus* further percepyng the Jewell whereof shee sette suche greatesoze, to be taken fro the place where shee hung hyr hypper garmentes, and knowyng well the hereafter thereof (for nothyng vnto the Goddes and Goddesses are vnkowne) she turned him for his suttlety in stealyng the same into a wyllie Foxe. But *Diana* (percepyng the same) worried him incontynently with hir houndes, and of his bloud restoyed his shape againe.

The.

Golden Aphroditis.

Then fearing the discovery of hyr daughter for wearing the same: she changed not onely the colour, but also the propertie of the itewel, euen as it hanged on hir daughters fronte: So that dame *Venus* knewe not what was become thereof. But (*ad propositum*) whether these moning verses of *N.O.* moued his Lady to pittie or no, I can not tell, but sure they might, for the thing it selfe was pityfull. Nothing she sayde of a long time: but yet the smothering fire at length breakes forth in flame. For the seeing his long absence, and hearing in verde howe heavily he toke the matter, greatly regarding also his giftes in token wilke, coulde not refrayne, but spent byr dayes in sobbing sighes for woe, and bryng aboute somewhat to haue written vnto him, whereby he mighte haue taken hartie grace, these verses following came vnto hir handes.

The fountayne *Granus* giueth strenght vnto the weakened bone,
 And eke the force of *Spawes* doth help al those þ haue þ Stoned
 Who hath the lither feuer, runnes to *Pados* for helpe,
 And to *Veronas* well he hies whose wante of blond doth yelpe.
 Yet as by pisse *Buckstones* do stande, to those that here doth dwel,
 In steepe of *Grane*, and *Pados*, of *Spawe* and *Verone* well:
 So mightst thou hartes ease be to me, that al these things do neede,
 In steepe of *Buckstones* present help, if so it be thy meede.
 For why? I linke in *Syrtes* landes, through tassing *Circes* cuppe,
 Unless thou speedy helpe wilt bring by chinne to holde me vp.
 For tangled thus in *Scyllas* bandes, andwhelmde in *Lethe* lake,
 Who can me helpe but thou alone? tis onely for thy sake.
 If nought may breede remoyse, nor make your stony harte relent,
 Then may I wake, & wayle the night, my bedd teares bespient.
 Then may I say as *Atlas* did, I beare this waighte in vaine.
 My thirste doth likewise say, I may with *Tantalus* complaine.
 Then may I say as *Sisiphus*, I toyle to none effect,
 As *Theseus*, and *Ticinus*, with other of my scize.
 Then is thy lone a Lady:ynth vnto me for my liking:
 Whome great goodwill hath grauelled, since *Cupid* fell a striking.
 But yet in time I hope to finde such mercie at thy hande:

That

Golden Aphroditis.

That tohere thy wꝛath sometime boze sway, thy friendship once

If not,

(Hall stand.

Then,

What *Clotus* both on distaste place for *Lachesis* to twyne,
Come *Atropos* with speedy pace to bying the same to hyn.

N. O.

Which red, bedetwꝛyng by pen to pꝛiue teares, she answered thus:

A. O. to comfort his lower agayne.

Thy sudden departure (*N. O.*) seemed somewhat strange vnto
me, and stranger would haue seemed, if not thy penne & deedes
bewꝛayed had the cause thereof. As touching the whiche thou
knowest right well (*N. O.*) the Hauke whiche seemes to cheeke at
sister, deserueth well the losse of Murr belles, but yet, as thou seekest
so walte thou finde, I thy:le for no mans blood. Your wounde as
yet is greene, and I no Surgeon am, but yet if so you graunt your
selfe my pacient for to be, if that to heale your grieffe my arte may
stande in steede, behold good will is pꝛesse this cure to take in hand.
I haue not much to say, but where your wounde dothe finde his
cure, in them repose your truste. And loke who gaue the soze, lette
them pꝛoude the salue. Thus fare you well from my lodge where
I marche in dumps of musing minde.

As cause doth serue

your loyall sꝛue

A. O.

What better coulde haue pleased *N. O.* than this? or who coulde
gyue a better salue? who coulde haue giuen a better drinke, or Phi-
sicke to the sicke? whose languish hymmes forthwith recovered
strength: whose woundes and sozes forthwith shoke off their paine.
For finding a pꝛesent remedie after the reading hereof, his poore
palsfres toke small reste vntill suche time as he had washed his
hands in the liuely drawe of his Ladies countenance: who greeted
by in this soze. Al haile (saye Ladies) whom pꝛofe declares most
full of grace, I see in tyme the heauen walles will starte, and wa-
terly dropses doe pearce the craggie spete. By this you seme:

h.

(sayde

Golden Aphroditis.

sayde *A.O.* to condemne my body for bzayen wallee, and my hart
inclosed for stony flinte. Not so Lady (sayde *N.O.*) for if it worre,
I would not doubt but that in tyme my sorrowfull sighes, and
tearing teares would pearce the same. *Alho* answered, your salte
and byrrish teares they neede not in this case, for if I haue enoy-
ned your pleasures with hope, spitte on your handes and take good
holde my bzaynes as washed with Cresses iuyce, and mine honour
forbzardeth not wordes to *Alue*. I thank thee Lady (quoth he) for
this thy vnderfained curtesie, the which my deedes can not repayre,
much lesse my thynkes may well requyre. *Alho*es constancie and
Rabulinc forbzardeth *venelope* to be thy mate, and warneth me (as
perforce constrained therewith by the wonderful iuyce of the heartbe
Nymphes) to giue my dayly attendaunce vpon thee, not being able
to starte from the place where this thy constant body resteth. I
crave no more at thy handes (Lady) but the fulfilling of thy let-
ter: thou gauest me the soze, wherefore prouide the salue. *Alho*
answered, shewe me thy wounde and I will shewe my salue. But
he not able this to doe, sayde, my wounde is inwardly, therfore thy
outward eyes can not perceyue it. Describe it then (quoth she) who
willing therewith sayde, *Dan Cupids* dyzefull darte deuised hath
my harte in twayne, the one halfe consisteth in thee, the other
doth remaine. Why then beholde thy salue (quoth she) *Manu ma-
num fricat*, cal backe thine owne agayne, else take thou half of mine
to recompence the same. But *N.O.* not so content, sayde: *Isidre*
affirmeth the liquoz of iuyce of malowes being tempered with clā-
my oyle, annoynted vpon mans body forbzardeth the sting of Bees:
and *Discordides* lykewise testifieth, that wilde Rue being applied
to any parte of man, no Scorpion can sting or wounde him, or if
it doe, it can not preyale: whiche oynment (Lady) of wilde
Rue if it worre anayleable of the lyke force agaynst the sting of
Roue, yet shoulde not my body once taste thereof. By this you
seeme (sayde she) to agree with *Plato*, who in wyrtuing set downe
that the sudden passions and extreme rage of feruent louers was
not only to be embraced, but also to be desired and wished for, as the
happiest and most blissfull life of al. *Alho* answered, I graunt here-
vnto:

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unto : and silence (Lady) *Dan Cupid* hath informed me to bestowe halfe my harte vpon thee (whereof I do not repent mee) I willing am to bestowe the other halfe vpon thee, as a thing most necessarily dependyng on the former, to retayne lyfe within my crased corpe. Wherefore, as you sayde before, *One good turne requirerth an other*, so say I now, *Render like for like*. *Altho* (not willing to make him such an absolute answer : (forlaking his text) sayde : If thy harte remaine in me, howe can thy lyfe retayned bee ? *N.O.* (not being to seeke of his answer) sayde : I die in my selfe and liue in thee, for where the harte is entred, there the life remaineth : but my harte is in thy corpe, *Ergo* my life consisteth in thee. *Altho* denyng his *Minor*, hee answered : I meane not really but effectually. *A.O.* (mistrustynge more than hee needed) woulde not seeme to graunt ouer hastily, but seekyng the pithe and grounde of euery thyng, asked him, what if thy friende bestowe an acre of grounde vpon thee (not hauing plow therof) you plowe it deepe, you harrow it well, and bestowe good seede thereon, and yet (not fallynge out accordyng to your expectation) it yeldeth no fruyte to requite your labour, much lesse the seede bestowed thereon ? *N.O.* (perceyuing his musicall proposition) answered thus : Lady (as *Tullie* sayeth) *Non nobis solum nati sumus, partem patria, partem liberi, & partem amici vendicant*, wherefore (supposyng my selfe to be bozne rather for the pleasure of thee, than to mine owne vse) I am content to yelde my selfe thy man and not mine owne. And as touchyng the acre of barren grounde whereon thy proposition dependeth, be it neuer so meane, so simple, or of so small a value, the good will of the giuer and not the gifte is to be accepted. Per Lady I woulde be lothe (if otherwise I might chosse) To spende my seede in vaine as *Ixion* *Iunus* *Secretarie* *Wholom* did. But not withstanding, *Sors sua cuiq; est*, wherefore my destinie appoynted I am content therewith. We thinketh you bende to muche (quoth she) for to attende to good. *Altho* answered, the sooner the *Viols* the more be bendes to the grounde. But *N.O.* not so content, demoures to knite such a sure knotte of amitie before they departen,

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as should not be broken without the losse of life, praeced on further, saying: I know (deare Dame) if it were thy pleasure to make me of, thy comely personage, thy courtious harte, thy lowly mind, thy friendly cheere, thy cheerefull countenance, and eke thy bountie and meaneour therewithall, deserveth to matche with one whose verte standeth higher than ever my head will reache: yet (Lady) where true love, friendship, and charitie remaineth, there goodes can never wante. Wherefore though I wante the pompe of *Cesar*, the goodes of *Cresus*, the wealth of *Cressus*, the gold of *Midus*, and the excessive treasure of *Artaxus* the olde, yet hope I still a blissfull life to leade. *Altho* answered, *They live not most at ease that have the world at will*, but they whome true love hath united and knit together doe leade the pleasant life: for, (as *Salust* testifieth) *Concordia parvae res cresunt, discordia maxima disoluntur*. Which is, by concord small things growe to great, and discord maketh great things small. *N.O.* liked this well, yet being in the bayne of hope, he was not content to free his eyes with the sight of his Lady, and his eares with the pleasant wordes whiche flowed forth of her sugred mouth; yea, sweeter to him than the honey or the honey combe, sayde, these wordes (Lady) make me leape for love, transporting my corps (as it were) to *Paradise*, placing my minde in a *Palace of pleasure*, making my wittes in a *Cradle of securitie*, and pinning up my harte in a *Castle of comfote*, yet (Lady) God graunt I play not as the swan of *Alexander* or *Apollons* bird, who sorrowfully sings before his death, even when the pangs themselves drawe neare. For this we see, the *Carte* delights to play a long time with the mouse by prisoner, before she enioyes his death. *N.O.* looking frowningly, bending by browes, and scowling with his eye lodes like unto *Pallas*, who can no otherwise doe, for that *Mer* was ingendred of the baynes of *Jupiter*, who alwayes are troubled and vexed, answered, am I the *Carte* by whome thou meanest? *N.O.* perceiving by bending browes, turned himselfe about, as though he had bene annoyed with some impediment, & lifting up his hands and eyes, sayde with a loud voice, *Iuno lucina ser opem*, which sayde, he turned his face againe, & answered him in this sort, Lady be not offended, for my wordes be come

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besee me the very well, intending none euill: my meaning is this, if thou shouldst (as Terence sayeth) *Verbum mihi dare, vel me facium facere*, then might I iustly condemne thee comparing thy wordes to the nature of a Cockatrice, whose breath alone sufficeth to minister death. She (hearing this) asked him if womens wordes deserued such light credence at his handes? whereat hee stood as *Mutui illico*, whiche I suppose was, because this sentence was printed in his minde, *Muliers ne credas ne mortua quidem*. Likewise shee demanded further of him whether hyz mouth seemed to pronounce the bitter wordes of *Achilles*, which he bled leauing ouer y walles of *Troy*, or the sweete wordes of heary *Nestors* mouth. To this answered, *Tullie* sayeth: *Non solum, utrum honestum an turpe sit, deliberari solet: sed etiam, duobus propositis honestum, utrum honestum sit, et duobus propositis vitilium, utrum vitilium*. Not withstanding (Lady) seeing the two latter questions wante, it resteth to inferre vpon the former proposition, whiche shee (as *Tullie* sayeth) it deserueth no deliberation (for blinde men may iudge the difference of contraries) I awarde my iudgement by this affirmatiō: the buzzing bees whiche flew aboute *Platoes* mouth, sleeping in his crable, haue likewise left parte of their honny in the mouth, whiche proueth rather it to pronounce the sweete wordes of *Nestor*, than the bitter talke of *Achilles*: whiche Bees likewise sitting vpon the mouth of *Antibrase* being a childe without hurting him, I gather thereby, thy wordes proceeding of their relike honny, pretendeth me no euill. At this she beloe hir peace, whereby *N.O.* (remembryng this phrase, *Qui tacet consentire videtur*), vnderstande hir meaning as touching that poynt, yet shee (percepyng his vnstable thirste in hauing an absolute answer) willed him to spende the night in pleasant conceits, and in the morning to repayre vnto her for their small composition. *N.O.* graunting hyz the aduice of hyz yllow, leaued content, breaking off their talke for that time (supper time especially naming thereinto) whiche ended, and the boorde discovered, *N.O.* after his olde wonte and accustomed manner, prouoked the whole congregation and common assembly of gentilitie, come to one kind of pastance, and come to another, to drin: away with haste for e

Golden Aphroditis.

the long and weary winters night. But he and his Lady, the one taking his Lute in hande, and the other his Sythorne, tuning and setting them both to one note, sang diffically thre flours to their instruments in this sort:

*N.O. beginning, A.O. followeth, craning ayde of
the Muses and chiefe Musitions.*

He **N**ow Venus with your rustling Simples
Keepe backe *Dianas* dearlings deare:
And Muses graunt your syding impes,
Our strings to tune and notes to reare:
With perfect deawoe of *Helscons* well,
Where Portes layne your Muse to dwell.

She *Orpheus* with thy Harpe in hande,
Arion also with the like,
Winche vp your strings, and make them stande
In egall heighth: *Amphion* strike
Thy twinkling Harpe with fingers small,
That ioyfull tunes may rise withall.

He He thinks I heare *Apollo* graunt
Melodiously so; to deuise,
And Venus bid *Minerva* haunt,
So that no dolefull dumps may rise:
The Muses likewise (graunting ayde.)
Doe bid strike vp, thus none denyde.

These thre flours they sang diffically, bothe playing, the one and the other by course singyng, nothing meaning thereby but as a preamble or rather an introduction of their song following, to clarifie their throates, endeuoryng the conoord of their instruments,

What

Golden Aphroditis.

She

What man doth longer thinke, than he,
the weary winters nighte,
Whose cares forbiddes his eyes to sleepe?
What is a greater spighte
To him who thinks he sayles in seas
whose waues of hope are,
Yet time purloynes his former ioy,
and brings him to despayre?

He

With gasing eyes for him to looke
whiche hath no care to come
To serue where no acceptance is
(as Ladies deale by some)
To be in bed and not to sleepe,
what greater grieve then this?
To die for wante of fowde, and yet
he feedes on daintie dishes.

She

To rue and rage, to frie and freeze,
these are the louers panges:
Who dies himselfe and liues in his
his life in suspence hangs.
Yet if he liue in after hope
his Ladies loue to gaine,
Then holdes his harte, and rendeth not
by direfull dart in twayne.

He

Hope looketh for requitance made
whiche oftentimes doth faile,
Or else to gayne his harte againe
which were a luckie gayle,
But lesse than seloome scene it is,
what giuen doth not returne,
From womens handes, who rather had
to frie then else to turne.

Bat.

Golden Aphroditis.

She

But what if neyther seeme to come,
and hope begins to faynte?
Then seeme they all to weepe and wayle,
and teares with streakes both paynte
Their lether cheekes are (proue declares,)
fale nature to prouoke,
Whose harte opprest with scalding sighes,
their thyroates doth seeme to choke.

He

Thus witlesse wightes doe bzede their woe:
yea, riper yeares and settled beddes
Herrin doe wante their shoking pointes,
whose glauncing eyes by rule forbeddes.
Thus trappe they let these woordes to flie:
oh get my graue in readinesse,
Remeddesse I die, I die,
I die remeddesse. Finis.

Whyle they this pitie song did sing, who seemed (to those whose eare eares were filled with a greedy desire of hearing) to haue tasted of the fountayne *Tharsa*: the force whereof not only clarifies the voyce, but also maketh it seeme both pleasant and armonious: certaine of the other yong gentles bothe male and female were arguing harde betwene themselves as touching this point. How the poysonous Serpent, or rather venomous snake named *Chelidra*, can not onely giue an odorous smell, but also cause the ground whereon she liues to taste the lyke sweete sauour & pleasant scent, beyng of himselfe thowoe outwarde appearance bothe soule and body as all men knowe: whiche *N. O.* perceyuing, and seeing them thowoe their stiff opinions and erroneous mindes tangled as it were with *Vulcane* nettes, stepped in among them, easily absoluing their obstinate doubts, whiche being absolved, they brake off company, marching eche one toward their chambers. But *N. O.* thinking of things to come, coulde not frame himselfe that night to sleepe: wherefoze rising somewhat early in the morning,

he

Golden Aphroditis.

he walked a pretty space in a groue buttynge of adioynning vpon the house, calling as it were all suche objections vnto himselfe as he thought by any meanes he could obiect vnto him in the morning, (whiche done) he labored earnestly to premeditate suche answers as might refell the same. But beinge some weary thereof, he returned agayne: and standing in the doore of the Hall of comon assembly (none as yet stirring in the house saue he alone) he talked to himselfe as touching the great desire whiche he had of his good success, whiche *Dan Echo* (neuer sleeping) cut off diffusely by the latter syllable. *N.O.* perceyuing this deuision of vocables, thought good to note the sense thereof, by cause (sayde he, as some say) it importeth not a litle to the prognostication of foreshewing of things to come. Wherefore cramming his wordes in this order vnto himself, he noted *Verbatim* the clipping sounde of *Echo*.

N. O. his Echo.

Echo

God graunt I may pynaple: for wordes I will not spare.	<i>spare</i>
What: shoulde I spare to speake of not?	<i>not</i>
But will we heare, and graunt me therevnto?	<i>is</i>
What then shoulde let at large to speake?	<i>speake</i>
I graunt: I will most boldly trie obeying thee:	<i>thee</i>
For fortune sayeth aduerture winnes the game.	<i>game</i>
Thus if <i>Dan Ech</i> telles me as it is:	<i>is</i>
Then hope doth say, feare not, the game is wonne.	<i>wonne.</i>

N. O. seying his talke of rather surmise ended with full sense, spared not to consider the meanyng of *Echo*, whose carrying syllables beyng placed in order *Verbatim* wise, as his hollow voyce pronounced them, tended to this sense:

Spare not to speake, the game is wonne.

Whiche encouraged *N. O.* to speake moze at large, who was so friendly cheered on, wherefore hee issued forth once moze in this order,

3.

Echo

Golden Aphroditis.

<i>Meaning of his Lies.</i>	If feare oppresse, how then may hope me shilde? Deniall sayes, dayne hope hath pleased well But as such hope thou wouldest not be thine, So would I not the like to rule my harte For if thou lovest, it biddes thee graunt forthwith Whiche is the ioy whereof I live in hope.	Eccho shilde well shine harte with hope.
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N.O. placing these wordes in order, picked forth this sense therein,
shilde well shine harte with hope.

But beholde, they were no sooner ended, and the meaning thereof considered (whiche A.O. had heard with the whole discourse unknowning to hyz paragon, for that his chamber and eke the head of his bedd had buttred upon the wall) then shee replied with a shrill and hollow voyce in manner following: which N.O. (supposing it to have bene the oracke of *Aphro*) in neede of an *Eccho* resounded the latter syllable himselfe.

The conceits of A.O.

N.O. his meaning.

The bath of loue allured not: why didst thou haue therein? What was <i>h</i> meaning, tel forth? may loue the dead in neede? If that it may, I yelde it thee: least not to trust thereof, But arme thy selfe from top to toe, yea, arme thy selfe to hope, For whom I louest I dare report they will requite thy loue, And though eke wight would it wish so, yet I it neuer shall If it deserue then leape for ioy I may thy loue requite. And if you seeme to aske for why? I answer thee for thy, For I am he I say againe that will requite thy payne.	<i>In of hope, loue shall requite thy payne.</i>
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N.O. hearing this fell in a trance for ioy, perswading himselfe that he nought else but dreamed: but speedily recouering hyz former senses againe, he gan to brewe the note whiche he toke of these verses with his penne in manner of *Ecchoes* replication: the sense whereof agreying in al points with the former allusion, imposed him to put no small trust and confidence in this diuination. Yet coulde he not perswade himselfe whether he dreamed all this while or no,
(although)

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(although he knew of a certentie his eyes winked not) by reason of this vncouth sounde. But if he dreamed I know he wished it of longer continuance: & if it were a perfect voyce, much moze he wished it longer to haue bene dilated. Whiche according to his wishe fell forth: for behold, once moze it sounded in his certaintie eares in manner following, which he in former manner most diligently noted.

A, O his second allusion.

The second reueryng:

From whence I come, and what I am, you wish to know: tis I
 Pra, what I would, & what I meane, this I and you loosing for. for
 It boteth not to shewe the same: and why? I say for thy: thy
 And how, the end of all these things shall render loue for loue. loue
 Than this, how canst thou aske for moze, each thing to please thy will? will
 Can any living wish for moze, than good for good to render? render
 Who lokes for moze through follies rule, tis sure, he knows not loue loue
 To stop thy mouth, and ende withall, looke to haue loue againe. again.

At this full stop, v. o. sought the allusion of these posterior Allusions: which peelding him greater ioy than harte could thinke, as wel this, as the other agreying in dependant sense, iust seete, and perfitte After, he rated thus beginning with the former rebecke.

*In steede of hope loue shall requite thy pay: &
 I for thy loue will render loue againe.*

This animation not mislikyng him, garded as it were in a Castle of comforte, and clothed with garments of hope, there wanted no diligent attendaunce in hym to giue vnto his Lady as Wee had willed him in hope to receiue his small answer. Whiche according to his expectation moste happily fell out. For imparting a rare salutation vpon hit, We sayde, Good morrow my Trusse, whereby he seemed to gather in moze and moze, bling this kinde of sprach of familiaritie with hye. Lady, the curtesie of *Prometheus* hath peelded me a body shaped with moulde, whiche craueth lyfe not of *Pythagoras* quaternion, but of thy courteous harte. Whiche if I receiue not of thy gracious goodnesse, then may my moning minde sojourne with *Pythagoras* his opinion, who for diuerse pretences bring

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being transformed into diuers shapes and likenesses, as to a king, a woman, a horse, a fish, and a frogge, yea, to sundry other shapes, as to a spunge and such like, commended yet all things before the hyle of man, as *Grillus*, who had rather lye grunting in a stile with swyne, than change his state with man. Who answering sayd, I see *N. O.* thy flesh is nought to heale, yet feare thou not, for euery griefe I haue a salve in store, and eke good will is prest to do the best he can. Who hearing these gentle offers, sayd, then is it no matter for me (*Lady*) with streaking armes to swimme in a sea of honny, saying it hath pleased thee of thy gracious goodnesse with tender like to holde me by by the chinne. *A. O.* replied, I see you buyld your Castles in the ayre. But yet no doubt the foundations may light on the ground. But he desirous to make store worke thereof, sayd, *Lady*, some one hath written vpon this gallerie doze, *Veni, vidi*, who it was I knowe not, but yet the meanyng thereof I partly coniecture: suffer me as a testimoniall that the foundations of my forebuyld castles shal light vpon the ground, to make full and perfect sense of this phrase, doing eyther as *I. Iulius Caesar* did, who valiantly & moste victoriously conquering his enemies wrote vpon his shield as followeth, *Veni, vidi, & vici*, or else as the Emperour *Charles* the first, who taking *John Fredericke* Duke of *Saragone* prisoner, though in deede with great difficultie by reason of his valiantnesse, *Veni, vidi, & dominum Deum vici*. *A. O.* desirous to see if *Lady Fortune* in choyce so cop, would him to be hir mate or no, seemed not incontinently to graunt, but sayde, *Vici* fir knight is eminent to conquestes gotten by dazing drinke of dyrefull drinke, by force of battered shield, by pushe of pike, by glittering sword, or else by pealing shotte of gunne, wherefore whatsoeuer the authours meanyng was thereby, yet *Vici* in your sense in no wise may aptly be alluded therevnto. Who answered, might it please thee (*Lady*) to yeelde vp vnto me the whole interest and title of thine harte, I would not onely thinke and say, but also proue that no victorious conquerour nor valiaunt knight (be his conquest neuer so great or manfully foughten by force of armes) might better returning from the field, cause this phrase *Veni, vidi, & vici*, to be grauen or im-

posited

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postered vpon his arming shieldes. Then mighte I pronounce the same at the ende of my tongue : whiche winning so worthie a Ladie by the glosing talke thereof, deserueth in my iudgment a vnto of Laurell tree befoze the clime of hairelle clapte on backe, or arming weedes that battered tower and towne. For *Vulius* sayeth, *Cedant arma togæ concedat Laureæ ling.* i.e. The wordes wherof spring faster and swifter than doth the feather of Sanders quill, encreth and perceith sooner the heart of any wighte, than doth the force of any gliding waste. But beholde (these wordes not fully pronounced) : I, not minding thus easily to be shaken off (most lyke to the toothlesse dogge) and grubbing that any one should reape the seede where sometime his senses were contente with the fragrant flowers thereof, wrote vnto N.O. this letter following, wherein he did not onely accuse the Lady of a former graunt or promise made vnto him, but also offered to gage his gloue with word and nayle, to hazarde life and limme if (so occasion serued) to proue the same.

I.I. vnto N.O.

Mrs though hee was the firste that *Penn* overwelmed : yet did he ride vnknoted in ridden doores. Enaue on this bone, all is not golde that glistereth, the illie moule nisttulling nought, is trapt in sugered bayte, he hath byz wishe, the sayles in the detwe of *Apollus* kyne. But yet at length, his sayle bryng rente, and oares broken, he duckes, he dyues, yea, yea in byz mosse desired haueu he swims without his breath. You thinke you are the first whiche hath the graunt of N.O. his loue. Not so, your Hauke is merwed, and twise reclaymed, she withered is, and maned well. She needes not soze alofte. I did reclayne byz soying flighte, I manned her and metwed her well, in recompence wherof. I had byz former graunt : but seeing at the first she clouped vnto thy lure, I was content to take her belles and let byz lie. If this you thinke I sayne or any parte thereof, herein, I gage my gloue, swearing by the *seagian* pole, and eke by *Iupiters* fearefull mace, not onely to answer all commers in this case, but also to stande in defiance with all

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galle.

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gaine layers. Neither do I repent me herein, but rather thinke Dame Pallas straked mine eare as well in this case, as did *Pallas* peruaile theow by counsell against the *Syrenes* in stopping his *Mariners* eares with ware, and binding himselfe to the make of the Shippe. His sugered wordes perswadeth you not to beleue my penne: but yet some trueth touch, and therefore trie and truste. Thus fare you well, from my lodge oppressed with *Tisiphone*.

Yours, if Mars so will.
I.I.

This letter caused *N.O.* to scratch where it itched not. *Albiche* perceiving, not changing his modell countenance, said: I see the prouerbe is true, *who wil the curuell of the nut must breake the shell.* But yet (as *Terence* sayeth) *who speaketh what he listeth, must heare what he listeth not.* Which *N.O.* hearing, sayd, why (*Lady*) can you gainsay these wordes? or know you not *h* mā? who answered, thought is free, & wordes are but winde, although in this case they lie as logs before my feete to stūble at in *h* darke. But yet, I know in this middest of darknesse, truth wilbe a lanterne for me. I canot stoppe his mouth, neither for bid, yet may I reprove his penne, condeinne his prefull harte, & also with his former quill refull his nowe debated minde: in token wherof, beholde here, how rudely he runned upon me in his former letter, because I seemed not to graunt what he craved hath. Also for a further prooue herof, this raw kniffe, *Peni, vid.* which you see here wittis, was his owne handy worke at his last departure from me, because in deede he tried his wittes in hayne. If this you beleue, in token therof to make ful sense, let *vici* prreunto, *N.O.* thanking his *Lady* in most humble māner, seite not the ground wherupon he stode till this he had done, & done, he whispering the messenger in his eare, willed him to carrie his martiall glorie vnto his master (as vnto one vnknotone) in token that according to the subscriptio of his letter, he minded was in such a place, at such an houre of such a day, to incounter with him personally, man to man in the defence of his *Lady*. Thus retarding well the fellow, he willingly departed. *N.O.* was very inquisitive (as most women are of their husbands affaires) what answere he had sent in this

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this case. But N.O. (fearyng the worst) not certifying hir of the truth (as wise men will doe) sayde, he willed him to commend him unto his maister (as unto one unknowne saying, not trustyng his spitefull penne, I tooke great scoyne to answer the pruiſe poynts thereof. A.O. thinkyng eche soze to be thowowly salued, seemed hertwith content (and occasion seruyng hir so) she brake off company for that tyme. N.O. likewise pleased into the company of the yong yowthes, because as yet the houre was not comen for the lussie yong gentlewomen to rouse from slothfull slepe: whome finding idle for wante of some *Dallida* to make them whette their poeticall tongues, and taking pittie that such ripe heads, warpe wittes, and fine tongues should be as it were annulled for want (as I sayd before) of some wanton & toying *Dallida*, or else of some lusty yong *Phaon* to prouoke their solitarie company eyther to laughter or else to some yowthfull exercise (leauyng suche questions as intended to the Loue, because the chiefest oratours and greatest arguers as touchyng that poynt were not in place) he deuising the route in two companies, propounded two mozall questions in manner followyng. Firste if the fragilitie of terrene nature, or the terrestriall yfe of man may aptly bende and perle, or with facilitie frame themselves to the information of this phrase primed by *Tullie* in his fourth booke of *Tusculanes* questions, *Videlicet, Dummodo doleat aliquid, doleat quod lubet*. The seconde alluded in the same booke, if nature may and can consent to *Tullie* his exhortatiō herein, *Nihil plū agas quā sīdes operam ut cum ratione insanias*: that is, firste if pleasure may displeise? and then if menne may craue with reason? whiche two pittie poyntes beloe them tugge with harde holde untill suche tyme as the Ladies of pleasure were slurring, whiche was aboute dinner tyme, for (as *Terence* sayeth) *Dum comuntur animi est*. But then (no doubt) as the companie changed, so their talke altered: for sure (in my mynde, the companie of menne is nothyng woorthie, if women bee not in place, whose payntyng forme and lyuely shap: imposseth suche vertue, as sufficeth alone to make an eloquent tongue: for yowse declares they: saye woordes maketh foolen sayn,

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sayne. especially be they somewhat snottelapye and cleanly, vnder the clove wherof let them vse what pyde they will. But *Phabus* restrayning the raynes of his breathlesse hoyses in the midway of his circute or rounde circle to stay his chariot wheeles withall, these lusty Ladies then (hoary *Hym*) forbidding the libertie whiche otherwise *N. O.* would haue prouoked them into began to reason earnestly as touching the great affection whiche *Plato*, *Pythagoras*, and *Democritus* bare vnto learning, whom they say, traueled in to all the parties of the worlde wherein any thing was that mighte or coulde be learned. But afterwarde, one mayle dyming forth an other, they fell in great admiration at the inborn and moyste anger of louers, whiche *N. O.* sayde, saye Ladies vied for the reuenging of loue, but the women snarling at this, defined it in this order. First (sayde they) the humors and spites of louers bring exceeding hate and continually boyling, doth contaminate their wittes, and then earnestly shewing at one marke, the wagging of a strawe (theynke they) blindeth the sight therof. But saying the occasions of their anger are small, they indure the lesser while. (These reasons being allowed of all sides) *N. O.* (remembryng the loyaltye whiche he ought vnto his amorous paramour) sodenly departed (unknowing to the Ladies) to get those things in a readinesse whiche shoulde performe the gaging of his gloue. Allwhiche were not so soone prepared, but as soone he had conquered his enimie (hauing the best ende of the staffe in his hande) but *N. O.* maruelling herat, mistrusted soothwith the veritie, and fearng the worst, by felle trembling, by pulses beate, by snowes shooke, eche parte fell nūme, his kindly bloud descended, by deadly face being wanne, his colour came and went, the crampe overtooke his feeling. by shewering nayles started, by saphyre baines racked, his loynes in order cracked, yea by eyes snarling, the yellow haye of his hedde stode vpright thus was that silly soule racked, from extreme agonies to tormenting woes, fro pyning pangis to grypping grieues, from greedy gryppes to carpyng cares, from plunging payne to sorrowfull sighes, from scalding sobbes to tedious teares, from thence to penfull playnt. All that better did becoume his care then monyng wordes to claude his corpe?

who

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who cryed & wished ten thousand times, that earth it might include the same. Thus (abandoning ebe for with pensiveness) she inclosed hy: crased corpes within hy: solatarie chamber, untill suche time as hir victorious Bacagon was returned againe. The sighte of whom conducted home in safetie, recomforted hir mourning mynde. Such was hy: whole desire to counterpayle his love. Altho finding his Lady in such a perplexitie, rolling and sweltring as it were in sudden pass.ōs of the minde, or rather in extremitie of raging woe, reftayned not his tongue, but sayde: Is this the Target of *Mars* (Lady) to blase thy chastitie in mine absence? why speake you not? is this the speare and shielde of *Pallas* to encounter with my Martiall deedes? what sudden chaſtie is this? what nothing but minnes thou knowest quoth he the fountayne *Eryne* is not farr hence, dippe thy finger and bathe thy tongue therein, the water whereof sufficeth to extinguiſhe thy sorrow newly lightned, and lykewiſe to lighten thy pleasures lately extinguiſhed. Altho answered, I ſheme not my ſilence a banner of deſſance (my Lorde) neyther blame my hart but good wil, for theſe my ſprings of teares. But tell me fir (quoth ſhe) haue you taſted of the flood *Dalmatida* ſince your departure, that you ſeme moze amozous, than in times paſſe: or did our preſence byerde any? *I. N. O.* maruelllyng hereat. ſayde: Let this ſuffice (Lady) the valiantneſſe of *Mars* made him better eſteemed of *Venus*, then *Vulcan*: that balting lymphall ſmith giuen hy: in marriage. What neede you range thus farr (quoth ſhe?) herein you ſemie to blaze your ſelfe after the Poeticall paynting of the rurall God *Pan*, to trotte on goatliſhe ſette. (Althoſe patience beyng ſomewhat moued hereat) answered, cyther you haue miſtaken my wordes (Lady) or elſe miſconſidered my meaning: for wtercas I ſeemed befoze (moze boldly than wiſely) to ſay the valiantneſſe of ſouldiers to be greatly accepted of couragious women, and alſo had of great pyce & in no leſſe veneration of dayntie Danies: my meaning was thereby, þ the triall of my manhoode & ſouldierly grace, maketh me rather to reſemble now: the amorous *Serpall* vnto thee, than I did befoze. Well well (quoth ſhe by this I ſee the mount of *Mars* was eleuated at your entrance into the ſield. I ſounde it

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So (quoth he) and also the mount of *Penn* not decayed when I first repayed unto this *Castle of comforte*. Altho curiously inferred, the lilly Greene of *Lady Pen* enforced your harte to live in hope. *Pra* (*Lady sayde he*) and the wante of chaungeable colours maketh me not to mistrust inconstancie. For as thou hast unfolded me oft in thy colours whyte and blacke: so haue I replied white and blisse. But beholde, *J. J.* knowyng their knotte of a-
morie to be frowdsallie knitte (pretendyng much cuill and mischief) sought many a perne, yet craftie and subtle deuised meane to reduce him selfe (forgettyng his former derogation) into the former and accustomed league of amitie, not only with *A. O.* but also with his lately gayned paragon (not in the way of preferment, for why, hee knew it was in vayne, and feared also very well content therewith) but onely to bre: hy: friendship, if so he shoulde in neede thereof, as he woulde hy: to make bolde with him, in the like case, if occasion serued. Altherto they seemed to grannte, beyng very well content therewith, & not mistrustyng his spytfull harte, which to be shewed with sweete and sugered wordes. Thus as it were a newe layned friendship vnfolded betwene them: it chaunced vpon a time being necessarily disposed, he tolde *Abydica* for wante of other talke, or else (as I thinke) of better matter, that hy: beautie made hy: a toyche drauer, and that beautie hy: selfe was but a sugered bayte conceyded of gall and honny, bearing inwardly the contrary to his outward importance (moste like to the double images of *Alcibiades*): for looke what breatheth life without (sayd he) inclosed death within: wherfoze it ought to beare in his mouth a scrolle, wheron shoulde be written this phrase *For and nere*. This wanton, but not lasciuious talke, she saythwith (ascordyng vnto the nature of most women, who can hardly keepe any thing secret: for the greater the waight thereof, & greater is their desire to tell it, who thinke they shoulde burst if they shoulde not ease their stomacke with & telling thereof) caried vnto his mistrisse his cares, which was no soner told he, but she straightfozt pressed into his company to beare his former allasse, or rather (as I mighte well by terme it) illusions. *J. J.* seeing his desirous of his company (thinking to haue sped the better with his enterprise) was very
glad

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glad therof, & walking together alone in a place (as he thought most fitte for his villany) that is, to desloure hir, for this was his only liking he tolde hir he boze a hungry Hauke vpon his fist: without any alteratiō of his countenance, yea, with a bolde & impudent face,) who for wante of a feasant or Partridge, desired muche to gorge hir selfe vpon the byaynes of a Pigron wherof he boze the charge. But *N.O.* vnderstanding his meanyng thereby, answered very scornefully (and not without cause) that a stale pigron was to good or at the least might very well serue a carion Kite to plume vpon. Not so, lady quoth he I am no carrid kite, neither lone I to plash in a masse gross. Why (sayd he) do you feare the alteratiō of your complexion? assuredly me thinketh you neede not, for it must be a whote reslosity in dede that moueth your waynscot face and braisen countenance to blushe. If needes you woulde haue opened (quoth she) your budget of villany vnto me, yet better mighte you haue done it with penne and inke, who (as the Proverbe goeth) neuer blusseth, then with that shamefull tongue of yours: but though your villany giueth somewhat an extraordinary motion to my lippes, yet a small griefe dothe it sette to my harte. For the vnconflancie and falschod of suche byntes as you are (vnto theie *Fladies*) is not vnknowne to me: it appeareth not a litle by *Demophon, Theseus, Phaul, Xeneas, and Isen*. Wherefore you had neede to rise very early, if that flatterynge face of yours coulde geue beyonde me herrein. Why Lady, if you goe to that (quoth hee) what shoulde wee thynke of *Lollia Paulina* the wyfe of *Caligula*? *Agrippina* wyfe vnto *Claudius Caesar*? *Poppea* wyfe vnto *Nero*? *Cleopatra* Queene of *Egypte*? *Domicia* wyfe to *Domitian* the Emperour, who deslaid byr body with *Parrus* a stage player? and yet not long before was he proclaimed *Augustus* of hir husband the emperour: or what shoulde we thinke of *Maris*, who sought to payson hir husband? Or hir in England in the raigne of *Henry* the eight, who hauynge twelue sonnes, and lyng soe sicke, confessed to hir husbande that after the first yere shee was neuer true vnto him? and was not *Cressida* turned vnto a Teppe for byr vnconflancie? Denie this if you can. But yet further to proue the lightnesse of womē: do we not read

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That in a company of Gentlemen and Gentlewomen there befall a discourse of a noble woman of *Siena*, commonly accounted saye and honest, & whilſt ſhe were prayſed in a manner of all mē (as ſhe that deſcruct it) their were ſome who eſther for deſire they had to ſpeake againſt women's ynde. or elſe to haue a repulſe at hyr bande, repro- uen hyr of vanitie and lightneſſe? the honorable Lady the *Pecci* hearyng this, answered: why ſir. if you will take vanitie and light- neſſe from vs, what ſhall we haue leſte? as though vanitie & light- neſſe were their proper and peculiar indowments. How thinke you by this? and yet I haue not recyted the hundred parte of thoſe ex- amples whiche I haue or could rebraste of your lightneſſe: For if I ſhould recite them all, a volume of an hundred quyre of paper were to little to retayne the ſame. But whether thinke you that women are the onely allurers of menne to folly or no, when as their owne tongues bewrayeth their ſecretes, vnconſtancie and lightneſſe of nature, as appeareth ſomewhat moze at large by this? when the Emperour *Sigismunde* was dead, one of his kined perſuaded the Emperreſſe to remayne a widowe: ſhewyng hir at large a greate circumſtaunce of the Turtle, who leſſing hir mate, about all other birdes liueth chaſte euer after: but ſhe ſmyling hereat, answered: ſirbe that you counſell me to followe an vnreaſonable birde, why do you not rather ſet beſore me the dove or the ſparrow which haue a moze pleaſant nature for women? and yet of common bewo- ded wozen I meane not, for they can not bee vnconſtant to their mates, by cauſe they haue them not: to proue them on the otherſide the faithfulneſſe of men to their lemmans or paramours, do we not reade that *Parus*, *Leander*, and *Troilus*, with a thouſande moze died for loue and their falſe Ladies ſakes? ah woze *Pyramus*, what re- ward haddeſt thou for thy woze Ladies ſake? ah woze *Thiſbe* (quoth ſhe) how falſe waſte thou to him againe? I truſt your rol- ling tongue hath not emloyed me yet to ſlence, although for a ſpace I haue refrayned the uſe thereof. Howe falſe I pray you hath *Dido*, *Hiſſyphile*, *Phyllis*, *Ariadne*, *Oenon*, and *Sappho* bene to theirs? died theſe for loue? howe vnconſtant or waueryng I pray you was *Alecſis* to *Admetus* kynge of *Theſſalia*? or what mā was

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was euer moze constant, saythfull, true, louing, or moze iust to his mate, then *Artemesia* was to his? No doubt but .i. wished his woordes vnspoken, although he sette a good face thereon, saying: I blasing starre will floure. Wherunto mozte bytingly she answered, if the shooting of blasing starres, and euerie clappe of thunderboltes, yea, if euerie gale and little puffe of winde should rende and teare the, sayle: no doubt but these boystrous blases would shake muche coine in tyme. .i.i. reioiced inwardly at this worde (if) for hereby he feared the lesse the discourie of his Shamefull demaunde. Thus in louyng manner they departed for that tyme, but in the nexte morning she sette these tauntyng verses followyng droppe downe theow the creuice of the boordes into his chamber as he lay in his bed.

If fatall folkes fat fedde with fode
of talped minde and rangyng bed:
D talpes, thinke ye to change the mode
of buzzyng Bees with *Mel* to fed?

D talpey talpes, D buzzyng Bees,
thinke ye *Dame Venus* hath no wit
To tunne the ginne when she it sees
but that she must needes fall in it?

Then she and all Venerall kinde
Apoll wanted for his skill
To cleare their eyes, whiche were too blinde,
if not they coulde withstande your will.

Of naughty seede since you haue stozed,
will you it cast on others ground:
Then are they common to folke the loze,
whiche pokes it vp and hath it founde.

When *Venus* listeth for to ride,
to decke hyr heeles with your spurs,
K. iij.

hic

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His nature can it not abyde
He hath no gappe that wanteth furre.

Of ought wherof mee standes in neede,
He needeth not to seeke redress,
When *Vulcane* sayles, *Mars* stands in neede
by: coys with his fo; to suppresse.

But yet,
What needes a mate while *Marrowe* lynes,
this is the marke wherewith you shote:
To tell eche hole conteynde in fures
whende your bowe it is no bowe.

Unmanned Haukes forsake the lure,
all whistling byings them not to lisse:
Wherfore with shame put by your lure,
a Hauke will cheeke still when she lisse.

1.1. Tryng the fall of these verses, rose forth of his bedde to take them vp to read: whiche red, his guiltie conscience challenged them vnto himselfe, although they wanted (as you see,) bothe direction and vndercription, who (nought regarding his womanly taunts, whiche gaue him (as it were) a bitte to gnawe vpon) kepte the byting thereof secretly vnto himselfe, vntill suche tyme as occasion serued him to crane his company into the open ayre: whiche she bitterly refused, saying, He was no hare for Greyhoundes course. Wherewith 1.1. calling to minde the description of *Venus* after the order of *Phidias* paynting, (that is) to sette his feete vpon a *Tortoise*, his dentall moued him not, considering, that Ladies of honoz, courtlike Dames, and Ladylike gentlewomen are selborne riners forth of theyr doyes, but much lesse strayers abroad, least the sharp winde of *Elmo*, or the doysterous blastes of *Boreas* shoulde nippe their lincly blond, or the excessive heate of *Titan* parching beames, shoulde turne their rosed lookes, whiche are so Christall cleare into

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a berry bytome: whiche maketh them eyther to reſrayne their feete from ſtraying abzoade like houſedoores. or elſe if they perceiue neuer ſo little into the open ayre, either to couer their fronte with a half pale, or elſe wholly to ſhade that philomonicall face of theirs with a large ſilken or lawne ſkarffe, lyke vnto the ſtately grace of *Perſian* kings when they ſtrape forth of their dozes. I knowe ſome dayntie Dames will not ſticke to take holde at the greedy deſire which *I. I.* had vnto the wanton wyll of pleaſure: but what of this? it mighte be the merry moneth of *May*, or elſe the preſcription of *Auguſt* moued hym vnto it thozow the aduice aſwell of the *Phiſition* as of the *Aſtronomer* for his healtſake. And if it were ſo, then were he greatly to be bozne withall. And peraduenture alſo *Aſmodeus* of hell, thozow the continuall company of his amozous paramour, moued him to become a *Satyre* for the tyme, whiche haue their toyes moſte fitte for Ladies luſtes. For euen as the wynde (called *ſecius*) Eaſt and by North, hath power to draw the clowdes vnto him bycauſe his motions are rounde: euen ſo hath the ſweete Southweſt winde, whiche procedes from beauties pyce, the force, to be as it were a *Veneriſhall* ramppe to ſturre by carnall luſtes. Whiche once thozow greedy affection beyng ſette on fire, can hardely bee quenched agayne. For loke howe the Bee dieth by pycking with hyz owne ſtyng, bycauſe ſhe can not drawe backe agayne the poynte thereof without the greate hurte of hyz liſe, as in burſtyng hyz belly: ſo dothe ~~the~~ amozous perſon die befoze ſuch time as his delectable dartes (once ſhong by violent force of armes) can be: reuoked agayne: by reaſon that, the repulſe of the ſeruent louers dartes dothe rende his harte in twayne: whiche of force not able to indure, or abyde the deuſion (and loue herewith not mitigated) dothe ſende his gryſly ghoſte amiddeſ the clowdy rompes. Therfoze I would wiſh eche hunter which delighteth in the chace of this game, to buylde vpon a rocke & not on the ſandes, to lay a ſure fundatiō, to choſe his marke in a munde & not in a ſtong wall, laſt it reboundeth backe againe: & then his marke thus choſen, to ſhote leuell with a ſtedfaſt and not with a quivering hande.

For

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For he that followeth the limitation or prescription of this lyne, shall be sure to make a speedy ioy thereof: because here wanteth a Labyrinth to tisse his wauering minded Shippe. But eche man looketh to matche so hie in their dayes, that the riches and not the loue of the partie byeth a husbände. For be she neuer so soule a peece, misshaped, crookedbacked, watydy, vncomely, withered, mislauoyed, yea be she neuer so crooked a peece, so wrinckled, so olde, or so tanned a hagge, that a wise of cloutes may stande a man in better steepe, yet for hir riches sake shee can not wante a lustie yong *Phaon* to be hir mate, to whome once wedded, then gladd she is to hye some pynckocks hope to danbe hir lether cheekes, least thozow hye vggly and mislauoyed face, be forced be to caste his wanton and youthfull eye aside. And this is the haply ende of such twibless haggess, which matcheth with beardless boyes: and also of suche olde dotardes as marieth with garish geirles, who seing his youthfull dayes are spent, and also such scarcitie of sowing seede, that an ill, much less a good crophe can hardely be reaped thereof, are gladd for pleasure sake, to hye newe and sundie workemen to sette on worke, some to plowe, some to harrowe, and some to sowe. But yet who soeuer ploweth, harroweth, and soweth it, hye vniuersally husband is sure to reape it (misstruissing nought) e she to carrie it home to the barn. Thus of eche side they beare a warrant to bidde eche other to picke a worke betweene two forked singars. For a better ende of bought mariages are seldome seene. Wherefore they hold themselves content, saying seldome cometh a better. There be also certain made mariages betweene infants of their parents sides, and all for a litle lucre or mucke of the worlde, whiche most commonly come to the like effect. For being matched so yong: thozow the folly of their parents not seldome seene it is (loue takyng no rote) a greates disparagement riseth when they come to age or yeares of discretion, eche saying to the other for wante of lyking, folly and not wiselome, yea, goodes and not lone brought vs together. Thus not agreyng, but continually iarring the one at the other, sometimes they seeke diuorcement, whiche if they do not, yet better I thinke were these mariages vniade. Who mindeth therefore to matche himselfe in such

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such order as to leade a godly life, might doe very well to followe *Socrates* rule therein, who thus prescribed vnto a certen yong gentleman, demaunding of him what wife were best to marie, *Nu- be equalem*, for so (sayde he) thou shalte be sure in no poynt to mislike or disagree. But why seeme I thus to stray from my texte? a good penne man will say, or at the least thinke, either I bid it for wante of matter, else was I no pricke dilater in this case. To whome I answer thus, though I swaue from my texte, yet not from the matter. But (*Ad rem redeam*) for I know my recorded notes pee looke for. The sacked loue of *N.O.* dryng wonne as you see by my former stile, *N.O.* was very desirous to knowe of a certainty the day wherein this solempne marriage shoulde be solempned, for that the preparation thereof required a long deliberation, whereby eche thing belonging to this sumptuous furniture might be had in such a readinesse, as no hart aloue could wish it better to be. And Iudge yee whether time wanted to consulte thereof, when as this demaunde being made befoze *Christmasse*, the time appoynted was contriued or deferred vntill *Easter*, because in deede of sojourn the must so doe, what though he thought it long? it was a brauer to liue in hope. Neyther passed this tedious tyme (as he thought) without vnspayed ioyes & vnspakeable pleasure, for eche day they fedde their reume, and pleased their appetites with choyce thereof. For first *N.O.* caused (as the time required the twelue labours of *Hercules*, and also his owne death to be liuely sette forth in tragical manner befoze hye eyes, *videlicet*, firste the ouercommyng of the Lion thorow the ayde of *Nemea*: secondly the slepyng of the poisonous seuen hedded snake, called *Hydra*: thirdly the conquering of the foule sowe of *Erymanthim*: fourthly the death of the harte with his gilded hoznes: fifthly the opprellion of the birdes of *Symphalide* with his beford bowe: sixthly the loosing of *Hippolita* fro his binding chaynes: seuenthy the cleansing of the stable of *Augia* by his deuice of running waters: for the eyght the conquering of the mighty Bull in wrestlyng: then for the ninth as well the conquest of the hozers of *Diomedes*, as of the King himselfe: for the tenth his ouercommyng of *Geriones* with his triple body. In the eleuenth the

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hiftoꝝ of *Cerberus* in descending foꝝ *Proserpina*: and laſt of all, bring conquerour of *Hesperides*, the winning of the golde apples. Pet bring the authoꝝ of ſo many woꝝthy deedes, howe miſerably and pityfully, yea in what lamentable oꝝder at the length he ended his lyfe: thoꝝowe the weaꝝring of a ſpyꝝe whiche *Deianira* put him on: foꝝ the nonſe, beſprinkled with the bloud of a Centaure, whiche cleaꝝed ſo faſt vnto his vñwitting body, that with greedy gꝝypꝝ it rente his harte aſunder. Alſo in this tragedie was mentioned the betray'ng of *ſamſon* thoꝝowe a womans wile. Althoꝝat ſome of the company departed with a dogge in their ſerue. Altho in mine opinion it becomẽ rather to haue ſtayed, and lulled his fancie in his lapp: whoſe ſinking breath annoyẽs the gentle route. But what of this? I dare ſwære, they are not onely perſwaded that the ſcent thereof is perſeite reſtoꝝitie, but alſo it to caſte as odꝝiferous a ſmell to their noſes, and to be as ſweete to them, and better accepted, than the codde it ſelle of muſke. But much good may it do them. From ſuch ſweete and ſanꝝy ſmells God ſhielde me. And pet, ſo long as they perſwade themſelues this ſtripe oꝝ boate bathe to be both a reſtoꝝitie and perſeite muſke: I ſee no cauſe but that to them ſo ſuppoſing it ſhoulde be muſke it ſelle. Foꝝ I remember diuers pꝝetty tellers looking in my budget of pleaſant cbeꝝpts: fiꝝſt betwene a yobg man who perſwaded himſelfe that his noſe was ſo gꝝeate that no roome be it neuer ſo wide could receyue him, neither was there any ſpouſer aliuẽ ſo ſoule as he, although in verde his noſe was in as good foꝝme and faſhio as needed to be. But notwithstanding ſuch was his ſooliſh perſuaſion & ſonde beliefe, that vntill a Barboꝝ had decꝝyed him in the cutting thereof at his owne requꝝſt, that he woulde not beleue it. I finde alſo that an other perſuaded himſelfe that he was a glaſſe, and none might come neare, much leſſe touche him leaſt he ſhoulde bꝝeake. And to be woꝝte, I finde an other meꝝy teller as touching this poynẽt, betwene a man of the countꝝey and his paꝝſſie Pꝝieſt, who lying very ſoꝝe ſicke (and the people aboute him looking alwaꝝyes when he ſhoulde ſay, *In manus Domini commendo ſpiritum meum*) becauſe the pangꝝ of death had infeſted

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led him off befoze to say in raging wile, *Cupio dissolui & esse cum christo*, sente vnto maister Parson earnestly requestling him to communicate the holy Sacrament vnto him, befoze he yeelded by his ghost: but this beyng at midnight, and he lying warme in his bed, was lothe to forgoe the same: Wherfoze he wrote to this patient by the messenger (as touchyng the Sacrament) *C. ede quod edu & edu*. Thus maister Parson (litle regarding the egerneesse of h wolfe, and much lesse his soules saluation, forgettingt also this sentence, *Bona est Pastoris condere pecun non disrubere*) by no meanes coulde be gotten forth of his warme bedde. It chanced yet in shorte time after, this grienous sicke man recovered his health againe, and hauing occasion to ryde a litle way vppon some earnest busynesse, he sent to this Parson to boyrow his horse, who (nothing mistrusting) sente it him. But knowing afterwarde that he was returned a gayne, he sente for his horse. Alho remembryng his newe kinde of ministring the Sacrament, keppe still the horse, and wrote vnto him in this order: *Non meministi, quid mihi dixisti, de corpore Christi, Crede quod edu & edu: Sic ego rescribo, de tuo Palphrido, Crede quod habes & habes*. Nowe sit togetheer he serued him well: or no, I referre the iudgement thereof to some aplyhe wytte. For eche man knoweth the feather of an Eagle is of force to consume the feathers of meaner byrdes. But I will omitt these cragged snubbes and croked boughes to take holde once agayne of the streight body of the tree. Firke 1.1. sayng hee coulde not preuaile with his glosed talke, hee gaue the assaulte once moze (not onely by proffered service and proffered friendshippe) but also by offeryng hys rare Jewels and cosly giftes, intendyng thowowe dyspayre to bee the moze couragious. Wherof Virgill thus wyrteth, *Optima spes victu nullam sperare salutem*: Yet hee nought regardyng his bayne offers and lesse his proffered seruice with proffered good will, answered: It seemeth you are well acqwaynted with this phias of Iuuenall, *Rara in tenui facundia panno est*, and that maketh you to offer such large summes of money in this case: but yet in bayne you spende your wynde, for I knowe too well by profe, that

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Fistula dilecti canit volucres dum decipit anceps. Stay therefore here in thy clattering bell, for *Nulla fides fronti*, as *Immenali* doth report. In deere Lady (quoth he) not aff. ction alone, but this verse of *Ouid* mou'd me toward this liberalitie, seeing *Munera (crede mihi) placent hominesq; deos*. I thought as much quoth she, *Ex abundantia cordis os loquitur*. And thinkest thou therefore I am so foolish, so light of belief, so light of behauiour, or so conetous, as to accept thy layned friend? Wipe no no I desire thy crew, thy prognie, and eke thy race. I set not so much by the mucke of the worlde, as to perle vnto thy filthy greedy lust, neither to make a God thereof for whyle I liue, as I doe, so will I alwayes become as subiect vnto this verse of *Horace*, *Et mihi res non me rebus, subistere iouet*. And I tell thee playne for my laste adewe that if thou were able to mayntayne me as I trade of a Cardinals harlot (although this comparison is obious who set to light of pearle and precious stone that she set the hyper parte of hir shooes cleane ouer with the same. Or if thou were able to giue mee as precious a pearle as *Iulius Caesar* bestowed vpon his lemman *Sernulia*, the pryce whereof was *Sexagies*, whiche is in our coyne sixe and fortie thousande eight hundred threescore and seuentene poundes and ten Willings, yet neyther couldest nor wouldest thou nor any other whatsoeuer inioye the same at my handes. Why arte thou armed with *Diamondes* (as the Porters sayne by *Mars*) (quoth he) that thou seemest so obstinately to withstande? yea in this respect quoth she) and such like eche one shall finde me. Then for my laste farewell (sayde he) to thee and thine adewe. Who answered, adewe likewise by lande, thy lucke in boates is barking. Thus by hir outwarde apperaunce she seemed glad thereof. It resteth now by lyneal course to inferre vpon the peregrination of hir peerlesse paragon, marching *pedetentim* vnto the barke of lone, whome finding bedecked with a greene robe after the paynting of *Zenith*, caused him the moze to liue in hope. But yet this Epigram written in his forehead by *Apelles*: Spring time and sommer: caused him to iudge thereby that it fostered bothe prosperitie and aduersitie with one papper, and lulled both life & death together in one lappe. Wherefore he induoyed
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by all, invented means to please hy: as well after as before hy: graunt of loue, not onely by loyalte of service, but also by gorgeous attyre (whiche pleaseth wound not a litle) delicate fare, costly hye, and sumptuous gistes, with the whole discourse of his businesse, no counsell kepte vnknowne, whiche pleased hy: most of al. But the new yeare stealing vpon them, whole yresence he thought his duetie prouoked him to adoe with some rare giste, to imparte o: represent vnto his Lady in token of his great good will towards hy:. D: for a pledge of his eminent loyalty, with an vnfaigned fidelity. Et he countrey far and neare by a vision he soughte, and in his rolling mind he viewed eche thing therein. Yet nothing he found therein worthy (as he thought) to bestow vpon hy:, yet did his steadfast loue persuaide him no trauell spent in vaine, who turning himselfe aboute, and viewing eche thing at will, vnleske the vnder-thinnesse thereof. Wherefore he hied hastily vnto the Hales of *Iovis* the daughters of *Iupiter*, whome the Poetes sayne continually to dwell at the bathe of *Helicon*. But yet by dayly industry he founde them at the length (by his owne reporte) in a pleasant greene arboz, sitting all together moste busily occupied eche one in their proper vocation: singing most melodiously to passe the time away. This greene Arboz (sayde he) was planted in a dale not farre from this former well wherin they bathe themselves, most curiously bedecked with fragrant flowers that kepeth their pleasant hewe all times of the yeare alike: at the hedde hereof eche one had hir severall hedde of long greene grasse, intermingled with all kinde of sweete and fragrant floures, the growth whereof stotte vp in heigth aboute the lower grasse (by his report) two fote, curiously carved and cut of eche side, adorned with pinnacles and pillars in manner of a payre large bedsteepe, besette with goodly greene Iuir, twined about with sonie shooting prey. Thus was their beddes most formally framed and eke as softe as is the pillow downe. Then had they mantles to cover them with intermingled yuir: the overcalling of the Arboz served for a Cannape, and the caruing of eche side stode for indented ballace. At the fete of their beddes, was creted a goodly greene Mounte, with round circled steppes vp to the toppe. But there was

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to be founde a stately chayre all made of Iuoy wyghte, wherein
Melpomene the chiefest Muse (*Phaëto* displaying) dothe place by
selfe, the other eyght Muses sitting in order beneath hyr vpon the
former rounde steppes. Thus squatted vpon this pleasaunt mount
from mornyng to euening they spende their tyme moste earnest-
ly in their vocation (if no one interrupt them with calling them
vpon, to ayde them in their enterpryse, as the Porters were accus-
tomed to doe) eche one singyng by course in the commendation of his
owne Arte (*Melpomene* alwayes beginnyng, because of hir wor-
thyneesse among them) and while the one singeth, the other eyght
helpeth hir recozded song with the varietie of notes, it was com-
monly called the *Arbor of amitie*. *N.O.* seeing them in this order,
thought verily he had heard to heare it self. Wherefore his wits
abashed at the firste to utter his mynde vnto them, but *Melpomene*
seeing him to stande in suche amaze, coniectured thereby hee had
some matter to breake vnto them, whiche not the imbecillitie of
witte, but the bashfulness of hys tongue forbidde hym there to vt-
ter. Wherefore moste courteously she cheered him on, saying:
what is thy will? feare not but shewe it forth at large: whereat
N.O. takyng a better courage, tolde forth his will and chiefe de-
sire in this order. O Muses worthy of musing, by earnest suite
I craue of your wonted & accustomed courtesie, to vnlace your li-
berallitie, extendyng your beneuolence in filling this Goblet of
mine, with the heavenly and unsprakeable dewe of your gracious
Fountayne. Whereat *Melpomene* answered for them all as you
shall heare. This sacred will (quoth she) is of suche force, that
who tasteth thereof partaketh of our vertues: and by this means
if it shoulde be made common, wee shoulde in tyme be had in the
lesse reputation and honoꝝ. Also our father *Iupiter* gaue vs the
same, conditionally, that none shoulde be partaker thereof, except
they coulde define their race to haue descended from the mighty
powers. Alas Goddesse (quoth hee) I craue it not for my selfe
but for my bowd wyfe, whose by the I knowe to the is not
unknownen. No sir (quoth she) I knowe hyr race full well, thy
Lady is in my libertie, and eke I knowe the cause of thy demaund.

Thou

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Thou shalt not come in bayne, I graunt thee thy request, and herewith wee toke hy: slurr pensell (and dipping it in this will) shee graued within the court of his Goblet in wauing manner these verses following.

Congealed ayre doth make the starres to mote.
But seldome yet tis scene such starres to sal:
By earnest synne not I but all our route
Wise perloed haue to ayde you when you call.
And that you would such call as best can ayde
I sende thee here what is eche one his trayde.

But in the Goblet she graued these verses following in the same order as she had done before.

For my parte, loue tragedies to penne.
And *Cleo* notes the woorthinesse of menne.
Thaleia she delights in cunnyng talke,
In soundyng trumpe *Euterpe* wittes do walke:
In Musicke rules *Terpsichore* delights.
Erato loues Geometry that brightes.
Herodcall verse *Calliope* firste did knowe.
Euranea loues Astrologie to shoue.
And last of all *Polymneia* we,
Will force thy tongue Rhetoricall to bee.
Thus to vsurpe at any time our ayde,
Take heede of this, least that you be denyde.

No doubt but *N.O.* reioyced much that hee had gotten such a gifte to geue vnto his Lady: wherefore (not tarryng of it him selfe through his unworthinesse of hy: the) hee sente it with all expedition vnto hy:, whiche wee receyued very thankfully, and would sayne haue requited him with such like againe, but it wanted in hy: wherefore she sente vnto him for his newyears gift these verses following.

With *Cressus* wealth, with *Cressus* pompe, & *Midas* golde is want,
It shall suffice to wishe you well, godd will shall neuer want:

Chips

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Thyee *Nastor* peares to live in age I crave that *Clotho* graunt,
that of your helth good fame & welth, your willers wel might baite.

Alter

Atropos and *Lachesis* with *Clotho* graunt you the lyfe of
Long lyfed *Nastor*, whose youth not soone being cut off,
Aged and hoarie as *Hymen* who did not call him?
Wrinkled, yet sugred in wordes, so who hath not termed him?

These verses *N.O.* receyved as thankfully, as worthily, and in
as good parte as if they had bene a thing of greater pyce: and in
woyfe time after, he visited his Lady with his presence, whereas be-
foze he had greeted hy; with his giftes and good will. This coming
was somewhat late, and (accoriding unto the time) he founde them
at supper, where after his salutation, due reverence and courtesie he
sat him downe: it chanced in this supper (as a poynt of courtesie)
he offered a Gentlewoman salte vpon hy; trencher. who at that
profered curtisie weeped most bitterly, and would haue risen from
the bozde if hy; trencher had not bene quickly changed. But an o-
ther gentlewoman on the contrary nature, weeped because she was
denayed salte after this at his handes, who made a vowre (for hy;
sake) he would neuer give women salte againe: their contrarietie of
natures caused the Gentlemen to demaunde at the bozde, whiche
seemed of them to be most. testie of nature & she to whome. the salte
was offered, or she to whome it was denayed? Some helde that she
who loued it was most angry: and some helde the contrary, shew-
ing how the Dowe whiche delighteth most therein, is the gentlest,
lowliest, lowingest, meekest, and friendliest byzde that is. But
the other side argued to proue their reason, that all those kynde of
creatures whiche haue the gall, if they delight in salte, of force can
not be testie, affirming also that the Dowe hath no gall, which is the
only cause of hir simplicitie. Thus in open parlance they; nature
was betwaped. On the morrow after, *N.O.* to trie the wittes of the
yong Gentlemen which argued so harde and so pretily the evening
befoze, he wrote with a red waxen stone vpon the shirine of the hall
this Demie (who will she) four times on a rowe, hoping that some
of

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of them would breake their heades (not a litle) to make full sense thereof. At the sight wherof all men mused, but none would take it in hand: at the length as an unknowne Authoꝝ, he ended them thus :

Altho will the curnell of the mite,
must breake the shell :
Altho will the spoile of any towne,
must sacke the walles :
Altho will the parte of any Dame,
must touch hir harpe :
Altho will the scrute that harness peeldes,
must take the payne.

All men desired much to know the true Authoꝝ of these verses, but muche moze the sense and meanyng thereof. But *N.O.* in no case would be acknowne thereof. His meaning thereby was this, he perceyving certen gentlemen to be inflamed with loue towards a lusty yong Lady of the company, who were abashed to shewe their great good wil towards hyz, thought by the sight herof py-
willy to bolden them to giue the attempt: but the Ladies burned so inwardly with a greedy desire of knowing the Authoꝝ, that at the boꝝde *Alpha Omega* with the reste of the gentlewomen, wished openly no greater treasure than his wisdome to counteruayle their beautie. Whereat thzee dropes of liuely bloudde fell downe from *N.O.* his nose, whiche (*A.O.* perceyuing) mistrusted thereby the Authoꝝ: and meaning to discouer him in some secreete order (Wee sayde) how cheare you (*N.O.*) I see *Apollus* sings, but not bewayes his penne. Alby *Madame* (quoth he) it is too freſhe to be superfluous blond, meaning thereby, that it was penned to mistically to imende to none effect. But what shoulde I further speake herof? the faggots were dry and the fire flamed. It reflecth to inferre vpon their solemne mariage, for the day wherein it should be accomplisshed approached at hand. Whereof *Diana* (as meekest thereof) was made ouerser at the request of hir sonne in lawe, and eke of hir onely daughter *Alpha Omega* (as well for the ordering of the feast, as for
the

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the placing of the Goddes and Goddes in their degree.) and for their right vsage and due seruite of them in their kinde, whome *Dia* after a solemne manner had bidden therunto. Altho being comen accordyng vnto his request, were placed in order thus. But first by the way yee muste vnderstand, that for the solemnizing of this mariage, a stately, & gorgeous, a costly, and a curious house was ordeyned, of the building whereof *Strabo* sayeth that *Alexander* first inuented Geometrie of voluntery good will became a diligent and carefull ouersee. The pillars wherof were made of Jasper, and Marble Stone. The pinnacles and battlements of white fire stone, the hyane and curious turrets were made of flur by Steele intermingled with flur yron, moste curiously sculped of *Pulchre* proper handes: It saith surmounted in byancie and cost the byploing of *Lucius Lucullus*, *Iulius Cesar*, *Appian*, *Paulus Claudius*, *Nero*, or *Helioabalus*, who used to strewe his floores with the shings of golde and silver: yea the sumptuous house of *Caligula*, whose floores of his chamber were vsually set with pearle and pzeious stone eche point seeming correspondent to the other. In this house also was thre stately chambers erected, one straight above an other, made for the purpose, in eury wherof was a tapyze large & long table. at the ende wherof was a chayze of state with a curious crowne all made of the purest and finest golde, most richly beset with pzeious pzecks, and costly iewels hanging ouer the same, for the thre imperiall byrthzen, *Iupiter*, *Neptune*, and *Pluto*, the first being the mightie and thundring God of heauen, he satte accordyng to his degree & worthynesse in the stately chayze of the highestt roume in a Robe of reuerence rounded and boyned as his maner was with a fearefull mace in his hande, at the shaking wherof bothe Heauen and Earth dothe quake for feare. In the seconde chayze and middle roume satte *Neptune*, the God of the lande and sea, with his thre foyned mace in hande, and also with a riche tarantyne robe comyng downe to the grounde. But in the lower chayze and lower chamber did *Pluto* the riche God of hell place himselfe, hangyng a golden mace in his hande twyned aboute with lothefome and vgly snakes moste horrible and fearefull

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fall to beholde. At this upper boorde nexte vnto *Iupiter* on the righte hande, sat *Venus* that honorable and gracious Goddess his wyfe: Nexte vnto hy; satte *Venus* the Goddess of loue with a gloue made of floures sickyng in hy; bolome, whome *Homer* hath termed *Golden Aphroditis*: Nexte vnto hy; *Minerva* that wyse and housewisely Goddess with a *Scythian* bowe and a clubbe lying by hy;: and nexte vnto hir *Egeria* the Goddess of all shap and comelynesse: but on his lefte hande was placed firste and highest of all *Cibile* the mother of the Goddess with diuers payes and woodnymphe mayting vpon hy;. And then on a rowe satte *Pallas* the Goddess of wysedome, with a shield lying by hir, and a speare crosse at hy; backe. *Diana* hy; selk whome the Poetes sayne and suppose to be the Goddess of Chastitie, hir bowe and arrowes lying by hir. *Ceres* ther that firste inuented husbandry with a fine plowe share of beaten golde hangyng downe on hy; kirtle. And *Atenea* the Goddess of slepe. Is for the other meaner Goddesses they placed themselves as they thought godd (whome byng placed in order) beneath them all satte *Alpha Omega* the hyde, but belowe hir satte *Apollis* the God of wysedome, *Phobus* the God whiche ruleth the Sunne, *Cupid* the God whiche striketh hartes in Loue, *Bacchus* that dronken God, for so the Poetes haue termed him, because hee (sayde they) inuented first of al sortes of wine, *Mars* the God of warre, *Mercurie* that carrie the world and iugling god with a *Petasma* on his head and a *Caduceus* at his side, *Priapus* the great toled god, *Vulcan* that limphault smith, *Momus* the God of reprobesson, *Pan* the rurall God, and *Morpheus* the God of slepe, with the whole route of the homericall goddess, which were to tedious here to name. All that shold my grosse wit speake of their spirituall and heauyly soddit was *Adana* it self, their bread was *Nectar*, and their drinke *Ambrosia*. It pittyeth me to speake of the toyle of their seruitors, for I know (poore *Ganymedes*) they sette fainted vnder thee with trotting so oft to and fro to goblets and cups of wine quaffed fro the one to the other. I wil omit therfore the recognizing of the waiters toyle to regiffen (as it were in marble stone) their pleasant mirth their sweete and delectable harmony, their unspeakable pastimes and dalliaunce,

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their beaunty muske, and their strange and wonderfull sightes, with innumerable toyes to cheare them by, and to prouoke their senses to laughter, mirth, and solace. First at *Iupiters* boorde stode *Orpheus*, *Amphion*, and *Argos*, *Dorceus*, *Harmogines*, *Helycantus*, and laste of all *Philemon*, playing eche one mosse sweetely vpon their Harpes, wpyched and set to the highest note of *Diatesseron*, stryking each one who should excell the other. To these their harpes did *Telen*, *Agathon*, and *Anacreon* frame their voyces, singyng mosse sweetely in the commendation of the Goddess and Goddesses at the boorde. At this their beaunty voyse and sweete melody was *Apollo*, and *Minerva* appoynted for iudges, who because they would not discourage any one of them in their dayng, sayde, they played all so well and so alike, that no iudgement considered therein. After these *Pan* himselfe began to play on his Olen pipe, *Babys* likewyse singyng and harpyng so musically, that hee whiche had but one laughter in his belly-coulde not but haue laughed hereat. It would haue made a sicke boyle to haue broken his halter to haue heard their terryng, who made as pleasant a scraping, as if yce had set (as the prouerbe goeth) *Asinum ad Lyram*. Yet notwithstanding they perswaded themselves they did surpasse therein: and surely in my iudgement it was good enough to make spozte (as at that tyme) whome they had rather heare: beyng thorowly whetted with their *Nectar* wine) than the Muses themselves. To this their musically harpyng came *Polyphemus* boysterously stampyng, with a shoute saye trull in his hand to smite it cheeke by cheeke: after these came *Silenus* that hoarredred loure, treadyng the bozompe: the *Woodnymphes* likewise followed mosse nicely cryppynge, and treading the grounde barreftred with their clothes as spozte as their knees. And the *Satyrs* halfe goates to make vp the meale followed them dauntyng the Anticke. But after all these came the *Muses* themselves in a rancke, bauntyng it so smotherly vpon the grounde as if a shippe had lashed vpon the seas, they were in number nine, and as the Poetes saie the daughters of *Iupiter* and *Mnemosynus*, at whose presence all things were mooued. At their sicke entrance *Adelpomene* with a stately courtellie deliuered to *Iupiter* his fathers hande.

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hande a curious eared cuppe all made of massie golde filled with the water of the fountaine *Etelion*, wherof *Iupiter* tasting, he deliuered it vnto *Iuno*, from whose handes it went thorough the whole bozde. After the tasting wherof, *Iupiter* willed them (according as the tyme requyred) to frame their song vpon the discourse of wooing, and to diuide themselves into tyme copaynes, fure on the one flor, and foure on the other. Wherby they shoulde seeme not onely to declare the order of wooing, but rather as it were in lively order to doe the thing it selfe (the one side taking the Paragons parte, and the other the paramouras). And for your better vnderstanding the order of my prescription, lette, (F) stande for the Courtier, and (G) for the Courtesse. And where you finde (F) befoze the verse, there vnderstande you the man speaketh, and where you finde (G) befoze the verse, there presuppose likewise the woman answereth. Thus marking this rule, you can not faile the vnderstanding of my minde. This note maketh also farther, that where you finde (All) sette befoze the verse, there (F and G) embracing) all the Muses sing together, and where a lyne denieth, there the stasse doth ende.

Thm beginneth their song.

- F { Unsolde your courtesse oh amorous darlie,
 Joyne leagures of amity my deare by name,
 G { Unlace your loyalty, hyake by your loue,
 For so sterility it doth behone.
 F { I can though I haunt not,
 G { So I though I graunt not,
 May recorde thy request.
 F { Dan Cupid constrayneth.
 G { So Venus restraineth
 No tyme for to laste.
 F { I tell not,
 G { I write not,

¶.llj.

Then:

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F { Then it so; to trie
I bowe this my harte within that doth lie,
Thine owne undeciled and euer to be.
G { Some hate, some colde I see,
Some withered what redresse?
F { This counsell giue I thee,
Butt like so; like profite.

G { My fancie layes liking, oh let thy sayte fall,
Withstand Cupidos striking, oh giue him a fall.
F { I can not, nor will not, it picketh myne harte,
I dare not, I may not, withstand that his darte.
G { My fancie denayes thee,
F { But yet like I like thee
Oh say me not nay.
G { Reason kyeleth
F { No reason it ruleth
To say me deny.
G { And what then?
F { Be flatter then,
So liking I haue,
G { To wedde gaynst liking, your pardon I crave:
So; good will destrutt good will so; to haue.
F { Then render loue so; loue,
Else shall I die so; woe:
G { Woe see how pyenes the dove,
Butt yet he dyes not tho.

F { May nothing purchase grace my loyes to reuiewe?
Shall pittie take no place? then pleasure aduow.
G { This folly I tell thee you lall in your lappe,
It grieues me (beleeue me) that such was your happye.
F { My bale then delightes me,

Curt

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- G { Curse *Cupid* that stricke thee,
To like so; no gayne.
- F { That will not suffice me,
- G { That loue should so tye thee,
The greater thy payne.
- F { I finde it:
- G { Untwyme it:
- F { I lasse I can not,
So *Vulcanes* nettes twyne me, that not a denay
Can soyce me to leaue thee, though twere my decay.
- G { My fancie biddes auaunte,
You spende your winde in bayne.
- F { Though thus you seeme to taunt,
I hope your harte to gayne.
-
- G {ouer loued some lost, betroth not your hande:
Call you gayne to your cost, a willow garland.
- F { Alas, fancy moues me, to change so; no netwe,
But still so; to loue thee, my payne to currewe.
- G { And what though you change not?
- F { The harder were my lotte
Thus sette so; to range.
- G { Pour folly it harmeth:
- F { Is wisdom you warneth,
Yet be not to strange.
- G { I graunt it,
- F { I haunt it,
- G { Then if you sayne not,
I bowe vnderiled thine owne so; to bee:
Thy saith it shall bynde me agayne to loue thee.
- F { My ioyes are vnfayned,
And bannish my grepping:

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- G { My harte thou hast gayned,
In lieu of thy liking.
-
- F { Then coll me and kisse, whiche arte my delight:
Let flauanta, galanta, put sorowes to flight.
- G { In hope that Dame pleasure vs neuer will sayle,
Let flanta galanta stiffe holde vp our sayle.
- F { Then boyste it and haunt it:
- G { Pea haunt it, and graunt it:
With huff and with huff.
- F { To huffe I bestowe thee,
- G { To flauant it beleue me,
I sit in my ruff.
- F { Then haunt it,
- G { I graunt it,
So this lieth well:
- F all { Our sorowes are squeried, with pleasant delight,
Huff, huff, let vs huff it, by day and by night.
- G { Let pleasure be boysted,
New fangles deuised.
- F { Pea lette it be roysted,
And newe pastyme tryed:
- All { With all asiantare then let vs beginne,
Our goddes haue no ending, sing let vs not liue.

FINIS.

This pleasant and newe deuised song liked them very well, for such was their warbling notes and varietie of tunes, that the hearing of them, there could be no greater joy. But Venus aboute all other liked it most of all, in so much that she caused Hyparchus (whome the Poets sayne to be secretary to the Goddess) to wyte it for hir. But least I should seeme somewhat tedious vnto you,

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you, who will not sticke to say behinde my backe that this little volume of mine smelleth of the oyle and candle (as *Pythias* the Orator sometime reported of the woorkes of *Demosthenes*) I will the slighter passe over the commendation of this song to speake of their other pastanner. At the ende of this pleasaunt and delectable harmony, the boyde was discovered, & the Goddess began ech one to play their parte. For *Jupiter* touching the heaurns with his wand, caused them to thunder & bambaillie lightnings. *Pulcane* beyng al smothered, and swarted with the embers and smoke of his forge, with a knacke of his office shewyng in lively foyme and manner (as with his gestures and motions of his body,) the continuall toying toyle of his arte, and the order and course they keepe sometimes in pitpatting with their hammers (as a shifte of deskaunt to mitigate the same,) *Cupid* that sayre and waton boy, he sittes playing and iellyng, shewing many a sonde toye, and yet ptey deviders in the Goddesses lappes. *Minerva* shee fell harde to her musicke, singing moste sweetely, whome *Pan* with his sudden fragments and tumultes disquieted muche. *Apollo* he shewed there his cunnynge at the Harpe. *Bacchus* he beyng as dionke as an Ape, discovered many a vanitie: And *Mercurie* (to be bylese) what with his theste, and iuggling, iuggled so long, that some of them droppes vnder the boyde with laughing, or else to smother a shape (as *Pygmalion* did for feare, when he chaunced to see by night season the forces of the two witches *Canidia* and *Sagana*: but numme lacke, no moze of these bugges wordes for forty pound, he, will you be a tale, and carry tales out of the schoule? you shal be no moze a Ladies chambermayde. Thus I haue bryefly shewed vnto you the merry conceytes vled at that boyde. Let vs therfore beholde (as it were in a glasse) the strange and wonderfull sightes which were to be seene in *Neptunes* rounne: for I know ech one delighteth in new fangles and toyes. First at this boyde satte *Neptune* in his chayre of mastery; accompanied with *Eolus* the king of windes, and *Varus* his lieutenant, the sea Simphes and all such as he thought good to be placed at his boyde. His waiters were *Triton* and such like, but the sightes were these: first the *Syrènes* appeared in numbe

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ber thate, *Pasiteneje*, *Lygea*, and *Lucasia*, the daughter of *Achelous*, and *Calliope* singing as sweetely, and making as heavenly a noyse, as both an arboz of Nightingales in a calme winded night. Who had heard them, would haue thought a Nightingale had breathed vpon their mouthes bring suckyng babes, as they did by *stefichon* lying in his cradle. They stowed there (at the request of *Neptune*) before the common assemble, their habitation to be in a little Ile, beset aboute with *Willows* & *Sallows*, in such order, as none might easily see them as they passed by: it was betwixt *Halic* and *Cicile*, where thow the their sweete musike, they allured and perforce constrained with their sugred bayte, all suche as sayled by, to come vnto them, whome incontinently they slew. The Poetes sayne that none euer passed them but *Vulffis*, who thow the force of an herbe whiche was giuen him, escaped them, bindyng him selfe to the masse of the shippe, and stopping his Mariners eares with waxe. Some say this was *Danie Pallas* his aduer, whose prescription he vsed in all his assayes and dealings. But they take such a displeasure at his slaying of them, and sorrowed so, that in short tyme after they threw themselves headlong into the Sea, whome (*Neptune* forsoeyng) hath turned into *Maemaydes*. The *Ira* *Rymphes* they displayed with lively gestures they watrishe streakes, and eke the pleasure they haue in the bottome of the seas, with the dayly contention they haue with the *Marinaydes* and their hardescaping of the *Crocodiles* allurements. Here *Boreas* with his swelling cheekes Orned a caille of his office, with many other pryty sightes whiche were to tedious here to name. But now by course I come to the description of *Pluto*, that golden God with his recreation. At his bozde was placed *Orchus*, *Saturnus*, and *Chaos*, *Charon* the ferry man of Hell with his three daughters *Alecto*, *Tiphone*, and *Megera*; *Proserpina*, and ugly *Medusa*, a Lady of whome the Poetes sayne, that by *Minerva* his haire were turned into Adders, and they whiche beselde his head were turned into stones. *Pra*, all the bellish bagges of *Taurus* denne, and the fusties of hell were placed in order aboute him. Whose delights were enely to see, how *Ixion* turned the wheele full of Serpents. *Ticino* whose

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whose entralls were toyne by greedy grypes: *Tantalus* standing
bp to y^e chinne in water died for thirst. The cousins of *Lyncus* that
draves by water continually to fill a drinkelesse tubbe. *Sisyphus*
that rolled continually a stone to the toppes of an high hill, whiche
bryng thither brought, rolleth downe agayne. *Pethemena* boyling
in pitch, with diuers others, who there receyued their purgatorie.
And last of all how *Minos* and *Rhadamanthus* those inextinguishe ind-
ges sette iudging and condemning of them to the lyke plagues
and torments. Thus bryefly I have discoursed unto you the whole
manner of this marriage, with each private collusion touchyng the
same. Per one chiefe popyt of so many I had almost overlapped,
whiche is, the excesss of their *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*, for I sweare
by the *Egyptian* pole, and by the *Homericall* sayth, it had over-
flowed the whole earth if not *Neptune* had caused a gulfe to receyue
the same. Thus (to be shorthe) each courte of charges bryng bro-
ken bp, and the presence of the Goddess discharged, my kercher of
drowsinesse bryng waknitte I beganne to wake my Muse, leaving
each surmise unto your after wittes. Thus fare you well, and
sitte you merry, be not opprested with dolefull dumpes, repeat each
fancie vpon your Lute, weary not your needles, but clappe your
handes all together (as *Virgill* exhorteth you in this verse.) *Chlo-*
dise iam riuus pueri: sat prata hibernus.

FINIS.

Sine Cerere & Baccho friget Venus.

D. 4.



The conclusion of this Booke, and an Introduction of the Booke

following.



Whereas (most Honorable) I sayde in my former
 Epistle, I haue brought vnto your honor a hant
 full of fragrant floures, *Videlicet*, *Pymroles*
 and *Violets*: I trust your wisdom (beholding
 myne inwarde meaning, and not my phrase of
 wytyng) vnderstandeth the hidden mystry here-
 in. For (acordyng vnto my iudgement) well might they be so ter-
 med, because (as yet) they are the first stuytes which my Muse hath
 yeryded. Notwithstanding, your Lordship knoweth right well,
 that of these *Pymroles* and *Violets*, there be diuers and sundry
 kindes: wherof some are double, and some agayne are single: the
 double we see are peculiar to puate gardens, and become so double
 thow they oft planting, but the single are wilde, and grow in the
 common felde: the one sorte is farre more beautifull to the eye,
 and sweeter than the other. Wherof (moste Honorable) I counte
 these my *Pymroles* to be of the woysse and meaner sorte, by rea-
 son of their firste plantyng. But if your Honor shall lyke well ther-
 of, I do not doubt but that by oft mouing of them in their kindes,
 they may aspyre to some liuely sparkes of saueur, and become as
 double as the better sorte. But yet, thus much I doe coniecture,
 that if they were the sweetest floures of all, yet would they be mis-
 lykde of some, and those of the greater sorte, whiche maketh some in-
 deede for feare of their *Zelus* mouthes to refrayne their learned pen.
 But who so bolde as blinde *Baparde* & for he misrulling nought,
 comes stumbling forth at will. My meaning is hereby, that if I
 had *Virgilles* bayne to imite, or *Homers* quill, *Terence* his familiar
 kinde of talke, or *Chancers* bayne in wytyng, yea, if I were as
 eloquent as *Cicero* himselfe, yet coulde I not wante a *Ciceronian*
 whippe (as the *Prouerbe* goeth) by *salust*, his great malice towards
pina

The Conclusion.

him. Thinke yee that *Polymnia* that rhetorick Muse is commended of all men? no, though they seeme not openly to rayle vpon hir with their *Zoile* monthes, or to bee carping at hir like *Menippus* mates, yet lie they swelling inwardly as muttering *Asinus* doth. And although it lieth not in my power to requite suche curious carping Knights, as it lay in *Virgill* to requite bothe *Banius* and *Menius*: notwithstanding I trust a better end will not fall to the one than the other. But whatsoeuer it shall please the conuision sorte to thinke of me (as parole I partly coniecture) yet trusting to your Honors curtesie, I hope your wisdome will consider, that at the making hereof, I was neyther at *Athens*, nor yet in the hearing of *Crasippus*. The deuote of *Helicane* is not kee to all men: neyther hath *Apollo* and *Pallas* graunted wisdome to all alike. Eueny one can not aspye to the right rhetoricke of *Polymnia*. Wherefore I desire your Honors curtesie to beare with my rude penne, and to excuse my bolde attempte in writing. For though I seeme at the first to intreate of trifling toyes (as *Virgill* did in playng the silly *Enaide*, & *Quintilian* in commending the basell Nutte (yet (indoubte) but thoght your Honors well liking hereof, I may hereafter atchieue some greater enterpryce, as in grafting some better peece of worke. But if my Muse would take in hande to intreate or rather to declare, what the orbis of the whole worlde, the Arment, the Skies, the Starres, the Moone and the Sunne, or to make manifest these things whiche passe man his capacitie, yea if I coulde doe these things, (as in deede I cannot) so lively and so learnedly, that none coulde surpass me therein: yet shoulde I bee sure to haue some of them whiche coulde doe least herein, to thinke themselves in all poyntes equialent with me. As *Marcus* supposed himselfe equall to *Apollo*, and *Thamiras* to the Muses. But what was their rewarde? *Apollo* he all to bee beate the one, and the Muses put out the other his eyes, such was their iuste desertes. And whereas (moste Honorable) heretofore I haue anoyed your senses with the vnlauiable scente of my wild floures: I haue thought it good, to byng your Lordship now into that rude garden wher-

The Conclusion.

in their my vndererry flowers growe: bycause if your Honor can find there any flowers among them all, whiche shall better please, like, or delight you, than these haue done: I willing am, and with as free a harte to bestow them vpon your Honor, as each I haue done therse before. But (woe alas) a peece of wilde ground lately taken into the gardeners hands, and ledged in, being but new set, can not, or very hardly delight any man. Notwithstanding, to please your Honor I am contented to graunt you free liberty at your wisdomes pleasure to crophe ech flower therein, although in deebe as yet they haue hardly taken roote. But seing this phrase (*Ecce est pastoris condere pecum non diglubere*) is not unknowne to your Honour, I little regard or feare the pulling of the top by the roots, so boldly doe I builde vpo your Honors curtesie. Whose curtesious hart, a friendly cheate, with bonnifull hands to requite each curtesie: whose noble minde, lowly behaniour, gentle language, and good demeanure therewithal, so shineth toward all men, that needes I must comend thee, & with a sounding trumpe resounde thy worthy actes, & sether thy fame with immortall wings: that when the Ladies here consulted vpon thy destiny, yet mayst thou liue through worthinesse in ech mans mouth, and touch the skies with flying fame. But what neede I to blase thy golden gistes of nature, when as thy wisdoms of it selfe doth counternayle thy curtesie, and same already hath incoutered with thy worthinesse: I say therfore I Must, least while I seeke to payse him at the full, for wante of abilitie I seeme rather to diminish his fame than otherwise: or to discommend in seeking to commend him. Your Honors wisdoms may wel surmise that my homely stile is so plainly paynted without any shade or canopie, that a great many will blushe in the reading thereof, and rather reape harme than profite thereby. Such bashfull poyntes I exhort to do as *Socrates* did, who when he heard any one talke dishonorsly, did hide his head with his cloake untill the tale was ended. But as for those which rather reape harme than good by the reading hereof, I compare the to the spyder, who sucketh poison forth of the Honny suckle, whereas the *Bees* before did reape the chiefe of his honie.

The Conclusion.

border. Also who are well giuen will be nought, although they be locked in stoupe walles: for although power wanteth to do will, yet an euill disposed minde of a wicked thought shall not be wanting in them. But who so marketh well my glossing stile, shall finde *Aliquid salu* (as the Proverb goeth) in the meane of basest point thereof. For if they could content themselves with the roase as *Dionysius* of *Syracusa* did, being called from a private man to be a King, (that is) if they could diligently read this pleasant volume, and be drawne neyther one way nor other with the reading thereof, then should they finde some taste therein: whereas otherwise it will seme but an vnsauory morsell of meate to digest. For by what meanes could *Skelton* that *Laurent* poet, or *Erasmus* that great and learned clarke haue vttered their mindes so well at large, as thowoe their chokes of mery conceytes in wytyng of toyes and foolishe theames? as *Skelton* did by *Speake Parrot*, *VVare the hawk*, *The Tunning of Elynour rumming*, *VVhy come ye not to the Courte*? *Phillip Sparrowe*, & such like, yet what greater sense or better matter can be, than is in this ragged ryme contayned? or who should haue hearde his faulte so playnely tolde him if not in *hispe gibbing wyke*? also *Erasmus* vnder his playle of folly, what matters hath he touched therein, even the chiefest poyntes whiche pertaineth to mans saluation? And sure in my minde he shewed no greater learning in any one booke of his penning, than he did in this. But I passe beyonde my boundes, thus much I thought good to bying in for the allowing of my pleasaunt stile of wytyng. And as for my rudenesse therein, I trust no reader will seme to condemne me for the least faulte therein, as *Domician* the Emperour, who for euery faulte committed, woulde condemne the malefactor to die. Least thowoe their tyzanny and rashe iudgement they purchase the lyke hatred as *Domician* whilom did: for *Iudicium durum sequitur sententia dura*. Beare therefore (gentle Reader) I beseeche thee with my bolde attempte in wytyng, accepting rather my good will therein than the thing it selfe (vnlesse in your owne iudgement it deserueth to bee accepted) yet iudge thereof with equitie. And if it deserue commend.

The Conclusion.

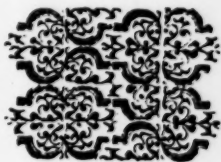
commendation, so it is, if not, then vse thy discretion therein.
For I must needs say that such Tragedies as intend to inhumanitie, are not worthy of reading, neither to be put in printe. But yet the Tragedies of *Euripides* and *Sophocles* interlaced with pretty Poemes and pleasaunt talke I condemne not, whose sweete language did as it were intermedle the graces with the Muses. Wherefore suche Paganicall histories and poeticall Pamphlets ought to be readde with indifferency. Thus trusting to your Honors curtesie, at night
I bid good
night,



GRANGES GARDEN:

Conteyning as well certaine verses
vpon sundry poyntes, in *Metre*,
as also diuerse Pāmphlets in prose:

*Pleasant to the eare, and delightfull to the
Reader, if he abuse not the scente
of the Floures.*



¶ A valiant yong Gentleman beyng
 trayned vp in Martiall provues, and allu-
red by euill counsell to womens follies, bewayleth
his life in this order.

Sometime in Martiall deedes, I set my whole delight:
 And eke my steadfast eyes did hate, of wanton dames the sight.
 But now I take delight, each blasing starre to bewre,
 My tongue likewise with sugred wordes, inquireth of their meure.
 Then thither fast I hie, if hope doth giue me grace,
 And many wanton lookes I cast, to bewre his comely face.
 Thus hath shee wonne my harte, my purse is neuer tide,
 Good will hath giuen a dasing dente, fro thence I may not bide.
 In hope I spende my time, in hope to gayne my will,
 I daunce attendance every day, in hope to haue my fill.
 Sometime I haue my wishe, the besell of his bower,
 Sometime I haue my hartes desire, of ceten this I knowe.
 Sometime againe I wante, what is my hartes desire,
 Which as dry wood, and kindling coles, both set my harte on fire.
 Then I to late repent my want on foolish eye,
 Which gusheth forth like springs of teares, my coll at hart to tie.
 Than this, what greater grieve I to spende my winde in bayne,
 On those who nought regarde my harte, & lesse regard my payne.
 Then wishe I all to late, that Mars had ruloe my will,
 Then Cupid he, no; Venus had, not knownen my hart to kill.
 My goods are wasted whole, and I consumed am,
 Beware therefore by others harmes, a Tygre seemes a lam.
 But iudgement here I craue, who greater sorowes sente,
 Of him who tyllt me herebinto, or his to whome I lent?
 If he, then all beware, of me who bought my witte,
 And shunne the counsell of the naught, a wise mans rule to hitte.
 If she, likewise elshewe, th'allurements of the nought,
 And learne by me, for sure it is, I haue my wisdom bought.
 Though tis a sugred bayte, it is but for the time,

Granges Garden.

And ripe yeares lamenteth much, the losse of former time.
 But youth regardeth not, the things that are to come,
 Oh would to God I followed had, the sound of trump & drumme.
 For aged yeares forbid to runne this youthfull race,
 And warnde me oft, who wold not heare, for lighting in this race.
 Pong men thinks old men foolcs, but old men knoweth well,
 Pong men are foolcs, and wants the witte, wherein they do excell.
 Let no man therfore shunne, the counsell of the olde,
 For he a foole may counted be, whose faulces wold not be told.
 Thus happie I him counte, who can right well beware,
 Of others harmes, least he himselfe, Would fall in such a snare.

His Poeme;

{ That wise dame warntly marke you well
 { That folle harmeth truth dothe tell.

The force of Beauties pryce.

As Cerus winde, hath sozer the clowdes to drive:
 As Beate, or Thunder, let exile doth by drive:
 As Hamant Stones, dothe Iron plucke them to:
 So amorous looke, hath sozer the like to do.
 And as Dan Titan, with his radiant guple,
 The withering grasse, doth scorche in smothering wile:
 Eteneriall Dames, do likewise parche the hartes,
 Of raucening yowthes, with there Cupidall dartes.
 Thus beyng set on fire with making minde they stande,
 Of ardent love, and waues of woore, to see the upper hande.

Tace common.

A Gentleman revealeth his former life.

When youth was in his prime, and flourish most of all,
 I set my whole delight to brow, whom gallat dames me cal.
 So wanton was my wite, so wanton was mine eye,
 That all the day I walkt the streets, to see who passed by.

And

Granges Garden.

And when a creeper I spide, adorn'd with toppes of plumes,
Such gadding sights did please me wel, and daintie fed my rumes.
If hir I did suspect a Curtizan to be,
Then would I clap hir on the lippes, though euery man did see.
And say all hayle faire dame. I hope to see your health,
You will not know your woted frios, such is your stoz of welth.
When she herewith amaze'd not knowing me before,
Will thinke I come (as one a frend) acquaintance new to score.
If she whom thus I kisse, did sayle in vertues barge,
I crie you mercy then I sayde, I did mistake my marke.
No harme, she would replie: thus I a kisse would gayne,
Of those whom here I sawe before, else was it to my payne.
And when my hand was in, with those whiche were of welth.
The tablet hanging on hir necke, sometime I gotte by stealth.
Sometime I got hir ring, sometimes hir chayne of golde,
Sometime she gaue me many stoz, to bye me what I would.
Thus making by my mouth, I made thereof a stoffe,
I counte I got it all by stealth, hir mate knew not thereof.
If hir by chance I met, in presence of hyr mate,
I passed by, I knew hir not, nor looked at hir gate.
Yet if he marked not, my nobbes a nodde should haue,
My Connie she would winke againe, but none would it perceane.
If that she bitte hir lippe, thereby I knew hir harte,
I must be logging all in haste, hir husband would not starte.
And for a token true, to passe betwixt vs twayne,
Pee, for to keepe our hartes in loue, she broke a ring in twayne.
If ought I stode in neede, this token bid I sende,
At sight whereof she ready was, what night for her lender.
Pee glad she was to bende, least hir I should forsake,
Who did hir selfe vnto my lure, so curteously betake.
Good cheere I could not wante, when gone he was from home,
Nor nothing else which please mine eye (neglecting little mine)
This got my ranging foote, this got my glauncyng eye.
This got I lay my tryng tongue, whiche tolde hyr many a lye.
But now the pyyme is past, the flower of all my ioye,

Granges Garden.

Pea, now my youthful dayes are spent, and fortune seemeth coy.
 Each thing most fresh of hie, in tyme of May *Ver*,
 Now *Titan* with his parching beames, beginnes himselfe to ster.
 Now *Autumne* he is past, and *Hiems* comes in place,
 My goodes are wasted whole & some, who should I sue for grace?
 What should I leane vnto? my pillars now are gone;
 And eke the trulles whereto I leane, are changed euerychone.
 Now must I turne my coat, and cleave vnto my God,
 Desiring pardon for my crime, that spared hath his rod.
 This is the common ende, of those whiche ble the game,
 Happie is he that sees the snare, and can eschewe the same.
 Compare your former luste, vnto your after witte,
 For wisdomes sayes for *Vertues* schole dame *Follie* is not fitte.
 And tyme will force thee see, how follie did annoy,
 For where dame pleasure bet thy boie, now fortune seemeth coy.
 Thus thou at length wilt turne, if vertue giues thee grace,
 If not, assure thy selfe to burne, where pleasures hydes his face.

His Poesie,

Serò sapient Phryges.

A Gentleman suying for grace.

Now wolde fantastie through sonde affection, in this my soye
 saynting coulde I finde my (deare dame) to turne my payne
 to pleasure: wherfore, as one through stong with sterre *Schid-
 mas* sing, requireth the second time to taste therof, because playne
 profe declares one payson to be true soth an other: so I (as a foolish
 flie, who seing the bright flame of the candle, neuer liueth buzzing
 about the same till his wings are scotched with heate) perforce am
 constrained willingly to enter the same, as a present remedie to
 mitigate my former grief. Whiche forshewing vnto certain of
 my friends, one among the rest whiche before that tyme had bene
 stong with the same sing, wisshed me rather to seeke soth some ch-
 ning Phytician who shoulde bathe me in the fountayne *Larba*, the
vertue

Granges Garden.

vertue wherof is to leade his taster into *Morpheus* his house, who of curtesie straightwith knitteth his byowes with a kercher dipt in *Lymbe* lake, and layeth him ouer head and eares in the snore of *Taygetus*, wherby thowgh a sweete slumber whiche ouertaketh his senses, he forgetteth each thyng whiche hath passed him before. But I (God knoweth) seeking this barbe at the *Phylirions* hands was deceyued herrin. For he (as it should seme) delighting to see me pyne in payne, gaue me in steede hereof the iuyce of the hearbe *Cresses* whiche helpeth much the memory: which once perceyuing, I tolde it agayne to my former friende, who grieved therat, tolde me moste comfortlesse there was no way for remedie but wherre I toke my wounde. Wherfore (mine onely *Castle of comforte*) to thee I sue for grace. Thou knowest right wel (my *Diamond* deare) that twice before this tyme I haue bene arraigned at dame *Penelope* his barre, in which arraignment (*Lady*) as guiltlesse I haue bidde by my hande, standing to your curtesie as one accused I know not wherof but for loyalty. Thus as a poore prysoner haue I bidde by my hande, answering at the iudges call, and appealing to your curtesie onely for some sparke of grace. But you as one willing to heare my pittypfull playnte, commaunded me with retyre to turne agayne to the gale of affliction, wherre being clogged with chaynes of extremitie all libertie was restrayned, neither can my trembling tongue tell forth so tedious a tale as should expresse the pynching payne and pynning penury, wherin my crased corpe and lothsome limmes haue languisht this seuen moneths day and more. Twise hope hath repyured me to appeale my chiefe doers herrin, whiche as yet I woulde neuer. But the thirde time (in extremitie of panges and dreadfull doubt of life) I am content. *Zeus* beantie, demaure, *Cupid*, and affection hath moued me herrunto. Doe, to thy demand I haue peyled, graunt therefore grace in tyme, else, I wishe not to liue but die. My grypping griefes would enloyme me to silence but that extremitie forceth me to speake: make answer therefore I pray thee to this demaunde, what should be the cause of the restrainte of your curtesie: as to base of byrth haue I choyced to be: then the greater my fall. But my parentage may countrayle.

Granges Garden.

ternay: our wealth may incounter, vnlace therfore your loyaltie.
 But is there any mistrust of true meaning, constancie, greate good
 will or perse loue? pwoe declares this needed not, or thinke you
 extremity will cause me change? those mistrustfull bandes of dissi-
 mulation doe but hinder your wittes of well thinking, and yet are
 no daynties for fine affection to feede vpon if so any curtesie rested
 in you. Wherfore thinke vpon my painefull pangs, and what I
 suffer for your sake, all is to litle to gayne my wish, and the least
 to muche to leese it. Graunt therfore with pittie what request to
 graunt, or else at the least in steede of a perse yea, graunt but a
 weake deny. When lingering hope wil perswade me, that where I
 took a deadly wound, there shall I finde a salve. Thus trusting
 to your vnkowne curtesie, wayling in woe and doubtfull of re-
 dresse, I leane you to liking. And yet my constancie commendes
 me thine owne for aye.

Yours and not mine, F. E.

The painting of a Curtizan.

It is a woyle to see, eache seate displaying wise,
 Of ~~renne~~ Pimples, of Curtizans, whom folly doth disguise.
 Pea, how, and by what meanes, they doe allure the youth,
 To spend vpon the all they haue, whose beauty whettes their tooth.
 Who listeth to beholde, and marke my painting penne,
 Shall see their garish trickes set downe, whereby they allure the mē.
 First with their lawnes, and calles of golde beset with spangs,
 With died, and frizeled periwigs, with bartes fro thence that bags,
 With velvet cappes, and plumes, they doe adorne their beddes,
 With red & white they painte their face, to rice the to there beddes.
 There parlets set with spangs, come close vnto their chinne,
 There gozgets sauely wrought without, inclose blacke necks win.
 And from their eare there hangs, a pearle and silver ring,
 As for a bell, the sounde whereof, such like to hir doth bying.
 About hir necke likewise, there hangeth many a chayne,
 Pea, many a colly iem they wear, thats giue the of their trayne.
The

Granges Garden.

Their gownes in fashion are, there bardingales are greate,
Their gownes likewise which are so sbe, do swerpe along þ' streete.
Their pompes most oft are white, their pantables are blacke,
Their worsted hose are purple blew, thus nothing do they lacke.
Their glours are all befumde, with pure and perfect smell,
Pea, all their clothes which smels of muske, loe here she goes they
Their smockes are all betwought, about the necke & hande, (tel.
And (to be shor) I tell you playne, all things in order stande.
They onely walke the streates, to see and to be seene,
Their wāron eyes castle here & there, will tell you what they bene.
But if hy: flanting lookes, hath trayned any one,
Unto the meue whererin she keepes, along as she hath gone,
They shalbe sure to finde, all kinde of musicke there,
And she hir selfe (at his request) to play she will not spare.
Whiche doth inflame his harte, with flashing sparkes of hate,
To trie with sugred wordes, if so, his harte would cease to beate.
Then she to passe the time, at cardes will seeke to play,
O: else sa tables will they goe, to dzine the time away.
Then will they baunt, and graunt, and for affinitie,
At cardes they will bye, and reuise, each their virginite.
At I: the game she will, contrary to the game,
At bearing beare moze than she shoulde, by pzoofe I know the same.
If that she taken be, with this, that hy: soule play,
Then makes she straight thereof a lesse (I saw it not) to say
But with this oversight, she doth prouoke the man.
To thinke the worst, and trie the best, by all the meanes he can.
Then must she haue such cheare, as may be got for quopne,
That by the swde of dayntie dishe, hir woes he might purloyn.
To spende and make no spare, he must himselfe incline,
For quopne, good cheare, arap, no: gemmes, for coll he may define.
For, giue me, and fetch me, this is their dayly song,
But yet with this worde *Adfer* she dzines him straight along.
This worde for to fulfill, he setteth on sale his lande,
And nought he seeth hir wante, but buyth it out of hande.
His presence doth deserue, remembzaunce for to haue,

Granges Garden.

But out of sight so out of minde: god will both presence crane.
And if she grauntes him grace, to mitigate his woes,
His handkercher she will bestow, with water of a rose.
And then such wanton toyes, she will be sure to finde,
That he perswades himselfe herewith, to him she is full kinde.
Altho would requyre moze: it full requites his cosse.
And he likewise (as proude thereof) will make thereof his bosse.
Pea, pea, she trades so nice, she would not waters breake,
And maulde horse like she beares his mayne, & ayre his armes doth
Thus as a floating sasse, she glides a long the streete, (strake.
As lancing ships she cuts & seas, her plumes the sayles doth greete.
But if by candle light, she chaunce hir selfe to shoue,
Her paynted forme so glistereth, as the starres appeare arowe.
Such cousting trickes they haue, each man so; to deceaue,
That while they credite giue thereto, his wordes their wits becaue.
Wherfore let not thine eye, reduce thy wanton woe,
Nor giue no credite to thir wordes, whiche homie like doe flowe.
Light wonne, light lost againe, be sure them thus to finde,
For lightly comen, so lightly gone, this is a harlots kinde.
Belene a harlots wordes, and weane a webbe of woe:
Do credite therfore giue thereto, belene it is not so.
She will not sticke to sweare she hath not knowen a man,
And thou alone hir maydenhed, by fild phrase haste wan.
And that no man aliue, could euer gayne his will,
Altho many an one, yea, eury day, of hir hath had their fill,
No man hath toucht hir skinnae, excepting hande and face,
Thus will they lie with eury breath, it is their wonted grace.
Take heed therfore betime, least thou too late repent.
And curse the time that ere you knewe, thereby what folly mente.
Belene, my wordes are true, by pzoofe thou shalt them finde,
Adwe at laste, I will: e ther well, take heed of womankind.

The Authours Poësie.

Ne femina, ne tela, non piglia alla candela.

Granges Garden.

A Gentleman seing his brother desirous to goe to the seas, wrote these verses

following, *vnwitting to any, and layed them in his brothers vway.*

Rue to see the raging of the seas,
When nothing may king *Eolus* wrath appeale.
Boreas blastes asunder rendes our sayles:
Our tacklings breake, our ankers likewise sayles.
The surging seas, they battred haue my Shippe,
And eke mine oares anayle me not a chippe.
The ropes are slackte, the mastt standes nothing strong:
Thus am I tolle, the surging seas along.
The waues beate in, my barke to ouerflowe,
The rugged seas, my ship will ouerthrowe.
Pea, when I am, sometimes against a Rocke,
Sometimes againe a Whale his backe I locke.
When *Neptune* thus, and *Eol* faller to stryke,
Then stand I most in daunger of my lyfe.
And when the winde beginneth moste to rage,
Then out I castt (my barke for to ad wage)
Each thyng of waight, and then if sea at will
I chaunce to haue, I lesse regard mine ill.
If shipwreck once, I suffer in my life,
Farewell my goodes, farewell my gentle wife.
Adwe my friendes, adwe my chyldren all,
For nought prepayles, though on your helpe I call.
First goe I to the bottome of the seas,
And thence I rise, but nothing for mine ease.
For why? at length, when last of all I fall,
My winde doth sayle, wherewith I burstt my gall.
My body then, so full as it may be
With water floze, then may each man me see
All boyme alofte, amid the somyng froth,
And byrnen to lande, if *Neptune* wareth wrothe.

Granges Garden.

But yet if so I cunning haue to swimme,
When first I fall into the water bynime:
With streaking armes and eke with playing feete,
My parte I play the water floudes to grete.
And then perchance, some shippe comes sayling bye,
Whiche saues my life, if me they doe espye.
Perchance likewise I dyuine before they come,
Perchance the crampe my feete it maketh numme.
If so it dothe, then sure I am to die,
In this distresse the sea will ayde denie.
Wherfore (I wishe) who well may liue by lande,
And him forbid the sea to take in hande.

A Gentleman halfe in dispayre seeketh release.

Making repayre (deare dame) to the comely Courte of curiositie
where choyse with change of curtesie dothe abounde, hoping to
finde it a *Castle of Comforte*, dame Beautie beyng Queene contra-
ry to all expectation beyng frustrate of hope, amazed I stood like
a carped knight whose eyes had bene dazed with hir to much con-
templation, as not of force to gaze vpon the Sunne. In this trauance
of troubles my trembling tongue was partly eniorned to silence,
but yet extremity forced me to appeale to hir curtesie for grace: not-
withstanding bootlesse it was to strue against the streame, for su-
spection had accused me vnto this prince, and she hir selfe with rash
iudgement had halfe condemned me, for that Affection had sworne
to the same: no Lawyerly plea quoth she holdes of the dace vnlesse
Affection quitte thee cleare, which being, with payfull cheare I got
me on my knees, holding vp my handes, and saying in this sort:
I see Distrust is no mistresse for me in this case, wherfore mosse
gracious prince it extendeth not to requite þe in so wayghtie a mat-
ter a perjured witnesse should iudge vpon my dome. To his prill be
it (quoth she) if he iudge thee not aright. Alas (quoth I) *sum*

Granges Garden.

summa iniuria est, and if he find me guiltie, tis but of loyalty: where-
foze take pittie and quitte me before of curtille, no faulte is there in
me (most renowned) for if my hart hath offended, and I flotion as
fozeman of the Iurie, so kande it yet no death, it deserueth but ac-
quittance: wherefoze challenging Iffition, as by due order of law
licenced, let curtille I beseeche thee for indifferency iudge betweene
vs both. *Edibo* climeth so he (quoth she) must needs get a fall: might
not berry by some haue contented dame Pleasure, considering the
great floze of *Menowes* that flowe in every lake: how say you to
this? *Menowes* Lady (I answered) serue but as haytes for greater
silde, & the brightnesse of the *Sunne* dasheth the light of the *Mone*.
Thus my *Dyaman* hoping vpon an hairen in doubt I stande of
Shipwacke, lende me therefore thy helping hande, for in doubtfull
daunger of destiny, the reddie facultie of a womans witte auayleth
moste of all: Thus forced to fiele in my sustian fumes, & extremity
calletly vpon your present helpe.

Thurs allotted, F. G.

The description of the loue of a Gentleman and a Gentlewoman.

In the tyme of *Laby* Ver, the sweete and fragrant smell
Of each delight, it doth a ransyng foote compell.
For when the *Apill* flowers, descende with westerne windes,
Each hearbe, red floure, and plante, doe flourish in their kindes.
Each leafe vpon the tree, the grasse vpon the ground,
The *Hyatherne* buddes newe sprung, on earth what may be founde,
Doth perle: as pleasant scents, as nature can deuise:
All things in lully greene, appeares displaying wise.
And euerie birde that liues, then strayneth forth his voyce:
So that of each delight, each man may take his choyce.
Thus in this merry month, he toke delight to betwe,
Dought that of nature was, most pleasaunt in his betwe.
Pea, many a tyme and oft, in springs and groues alone,

P. iij.

Himselfe

Granges Garden.

Himselfe he would apply, as yet where none had gone.
There in distilling wisse, she tooke delight to see,
The chirping birds full oft, from bushe to bushe to flee,
Whose warbling notes him thought, intoyced to beleue,
That nothing vnder Sunne, such merry lues did lue.
In euery bushe againe, the Primrose did appeere,
The Violet at hande, was prest to be his seere:
Which call such fragrant smells, amip this pleasant spring,
That eury bushe it did, a newe delight forth bring.
But walking all alone, in this his whole delight,
The Primrose as him thought, and Violet did fight.
Wherewith as one amaze, at large he them behelde,
Hoping at length to see, the one or other yelde.
But lighting in a wayne, which fortune had not tryed,
Beholde euen neare at hande, a damsell he espied,
Whose beauty was so hyane, and eke so Chyillall cleere,
That nature could not frame, the like to be hyr peere.
Hir peere I neuer sawe, for beantie in the face,
The like was neuer scene, such was hir comely grace.
And where he tooke delight, befoze in fragrant scente,
Now hir to gaze vpon, his minde was wholly bente.
And as good fortune would, he stode behinde a bushe,
Allhere well he might beholde, and neede not starte the thynge.
For while she tooke delight, to beue this pleasant feld,
He did obtayne his will, at large he hir behelde.
And nought she did suspect, for here he lay vnknowne,
Till such time as loue, his kindling coles had blowne.
Hir rounde and cherry lippes, and eke hir skarlet browe,
Hir crymson cheekes was cause, the moze he did them browe.
Hir rosed lookes him thought, his tentur eares forth tolde,
The moze that them he did, the moze he should beholde.
So fell it forth at length, he could not hane his fill,
The moze he did hir browe, the moze he wisht his will.
When long he beyed had throug many a pleasant tyme,
Him thought this Aprill month, was turne to Ioly Iune.

Granges Garden.

For in his face him thought, the redde rose and the white,
In linely sojme did seme, with other soz to fighte.
The Columbine likewise, whiche commendable is,
With Daisies did contend, that delectable blisse.
And as a Mayrgolde amayde, he hyz beholde,
Untill his dasing denter, his rusull harte it silde.
Then out alas he cried, but all it was in vayne,
His harte fro him was gone, and did with his remayne.
This damsell single was, and eke did wante a mate,
And he to frede hyz reume, did wante a daytie date.
But yet his harte was good, and loue did make him bolde,
He spared not at length, his meanyng to unfold.
For he went into, and greeted in this wise,
Alhaye deare dame he sayde, the chiefe of vertues pyse.
I see that Lady *Per*, with swete and fragrant scente,
Inflames your harte to see, whereto dame nature lentre.
The Nightingale likewise, with hyz recorde song,
Hath given you this desire, this groue to walke along.
For now each thing that is, doth floz in his kinde,
And is of sojce (me thinkes) to recreate the minde,
And eke no greater health, vpon the earth is founde,
Then early and late to walke, vpon this pleasant grounde:
The scente wherof will so, ressoze your linely blond,
That you your selfe will say, therefore tis vrry good.
I thousande fancies moze, soz to delight the minde,
Within this pleasant groue, by walking you may finde.
I floure by chaunce I spie, whose beantie freshe and gay,
Doth sojce against my will, what I to you doe say.
It causht hach my wittes, wherfoze I craue your ayde,
Herewith my garlande make, let me not be denyed.
For you the floure are, wherewith agast I stande,
And chojce there resteth none, soz beantie at your hande.
With you my harte shall rest, when as my corple is layne,
Take pitie on my woer, take pittie on my payne.
At which she stonde agast, not knowing what to say,

Granges Garden.

Shee loone with loone was pickte, and coulde not say me nay.
 So friendly Venus is, so friendly Cupid was,
 That fancie brought hir loone, vnto my wished passe.
 Shee answered againe, a floure likewise I see,
 Whererein the prose declares, my constant harte to be.
 And where I heretofore, was moude by many a voyce,
 Yet none my hart coulde gayne, so curious was my choise.
 The sap now creepeth by, and vapors do increase,
 Lust doth inflame the fleshe, to warr and not to peace.
 When *Venus* is in by: pyre, each one desires a mate:
 And now the thing doth please, whiche I before did hate.
 For earst I did detest, to see a gallant dame,
 But now I take delight, of thee to heare the name.
 And sithe that none before, did please my gazing eye,
 Untill such time I did, your presence here espye.
 So now your loone I craue, my loone for to requite,
 Least cause I haue to curse, the cankered Cupides spight.
 Betake your selfe I say, vnto a trustie friende,
 In me repose such trust, as ye in me shall finde.
 For why, in you I liue, and in my selfe I dye:
 Whiche as a rampire is, your loone againe to trye.
 My harmes so huge would crie, if it I would not gayne,
 And none alike I thinke, would suffer the like payne.
 But hope a Castle is, for me to winter in,
 And biddes me not to feare, nor yet my sayre to lin.
 With this she walked home, vnto hir mansion place:
 And all the way he sūd, of hir to purchase grace.
 Who sanctie him as much, as he did fancie hye,
 Though it she kept unknowne, as best was thought to hye.
 The end it tried all, such looe to him she bare,
 He was hir whole delight for him was all hir care.
 His sight it did hir good, his absence bradde anoye,
 His presence was hir meate, hir drinke, and all hir ioye.
 For if he missing were, at most but halfe a day,
 Hir eyes like springes of teares would runne in like away.

Granges Garden.

O else lyke *Xanthus* streames, hir tricklyng teares ran downe,
As salte as byrne, and eke hir skalding sighes unknowne,
Most ready were sometimes, to rinde hir lothsome life,
O els in haste she calld for *Atropos* hir knife.
Thus nothing was so much for him that was so kynde,
And yet the moze he sought, the lesse his lucke to finde.
Suche perill the lucke had he, in bayne to spende his winde,
That, looke the moze he ranne, the moze he came behinde.
Ioue would it so, I thinke, daine fortune bryng coye,
Delay it daunger byde, and absence byrde anoye.
Though eyther was most true, and faithfull eke in harte,
If fortune turne byr whele, then pleasure is but tarte.
So quarynte by prose she was, and toeling in hir chaunce,
That where Daine pleasure stode, she ryge did aduance.
For why? it hapned so, the trumpe of Quise had blowne,
Unto hir eares, that he far sozth was better knowne
To other than to hir, and eke betrotted had
His hande, his harte, and faith vnto an other Dame,
So that she did dispayre, and yet he not in blame.
But farther it was nopsde, that he nought else did seeke
Of hir, but for to haue his pleasure for a weeke.
Whiche though it was most false, and blased in despight,
Yet it hir rauisht had of all hir soze delight.
For she beleueed straight, how that these wordes were true,
And in this wise began to rage and eke to rue.
Hauc I long fostred vp, a naughtie soaring Hauke.
What now forsakes the lure, when I to hir it make?
May whillking nought pynaple, needes wilt thou cheeke at aske,
Then soare alofte at will, and take thee vp whose list.
In deede thy sicknesse shewd, thou wast a rolling stone,
Wherfore adewe my loy, sith needes thou wilt be gone.
Sith the fortune was so quarynte, and nothing could pynaple,
With griele she curse hir hap, and thus began to rayle.
In other hath my right, and it knowes perforce,
The Goddes reuenge it wil, for this thy sought deuoyce.

D.

Take

Granges Garden.

Take heed ye Ladies all, on whome ye set your loue,
For that he constant be, for so it dothe betone.
Too late now am I wise, be warned all by mee,
By others harmes, beware the snare ye do not see.
The best that now I can, is others to forwarne,
Least they as I haue done, do light in such like harme.
Wherfore I wishe you all, whom *Cupid* hath assaile,
Him to deuide in twaine, least through your owne default,
To late you do repent, the force of *Cupid* hath,
And curse the time ye wast, what *Neer* meant to know.
And learne each one by me, whiche way to frame your loue,
Be constant, iust and true; as in the turtle Dove.
But yet beware on whom ye set your loue to light,
Least want of reuenging like, hath put your loyes to flight.
Know first his nature well, and then expose your trust,
Let nothing be to deare, if so ye finde him iust.
Spende not your loue on such, that will it not requite,
For whyp? that want of loue, it can no one delight.
Thus ponder well my wordes, let *Pallas* be your gyde,
Least that in waition iust, your seruice beginne to fyde,
Forwe my pleasures all, adewe my chiefe delight,
None hath me wounded now, and put yon all to flight.
Wherfore,
Pier *Tigrus* whetpeth vnto, and eke ye rauening *Allobus*,
The *Stygian* poole and eke, the *Acherontes* gulnes,
Pier, yea, the *Manicors*, the *Hyons* in their rage,
Cerberus, *Alas*, with the *Eraptors* sanage.
Lad to be shapen vnto, yea, yea, all of hell,
Pier *Furies* with the rest, elsewhere where so you dwell.
And *Clothes* now leane off, thy discolored eye to hee,
Lachesis sitte still, and spinne no longer thre.
But *Atropos* make haste, and with thy shudding knyfe,
Hunder cut the threde, which doth prolong my lyfe.
For whyp? *Milecian* mayden, your stippes I meane to trace,
And as *Lucretia* dyd, my lyfe for to valace.

Wherfore

Granges Garden.

Whereto ye dolefull dumper, and eke ye Ladies all,
Come rue the wretched chaunce, which did to me befall.
Come *Heracitus* now, to weep and eke to wape,
And Ladies now to rue, heyle by your mourning layle.
Melpomene likewise, now take thy penne in hande,
In mourning wise to paint, how fortune doth withstande.
Likewise I thee beseeche, *Sulpicia* of Rome,
Some posse to invite, to sit upon my tome.
That all which heares or sees, may rue my wretched case,
And know the cause whereto, my life I did vnlace.
This sayde, with bloody hande, he toke his dyrcfull knife,
And to his harte it thrust, to ende his lothsome life.
Which blowne vnto his eares, he rued in raging wise,
But nought he could withstande, his sonde and swifly guyle.
Why liue I on the earth, that thus am left alone?
Why seeke I not to die, and first to make my mone?
Alas my gem of ioy, and eke my *Dymande* deere,
Thy fountayne of delight, as dead why liest thou here. |
What shall of me become, my toyes exiled are,
My harte with griefe will burst, hope lodged is so farr.
Hath *Paris*, *Leander*, *Pyrame* of *Troilus*,
Iye truer deere than I, to thee my pretty mus?
Pesistratus in lapy, or *Romulus* in truth?
What cause then hast thou had, to fall in such a ruth?
These wordes are but in bayne, I do but seeke to drowne
Thy crased corpe in teares, of certaine this is knowne.
It shall not aye be sayde, that thou for me shalt die,
For I the like to doe, thy former deede will trie.
Bloud shall be shedde for bloud, and life shall pay for lyfe,
I haue like force I know, like hande, and eke like knyfe.
With lyke, adoe my ghost, adoe my latter breath,
Adoe each pleasure that is founde vpon the earth.
Yet Ladies thus much graunt, our corpe one tome to haue,
One Epitaph thereon, this onely thing I craue.
This sayde, he kille his corpe, ten thousand times and moze,
D. 11. With

Granges Garden.

With teares he filled those wounds, that greened him full soze.
He called vpon his name, ten thousand times and moze,
But life it yielded had to cruel death his loze.
His eyes they were clong fast, prest downe with heauie death,
Foroe my deare he sayde, and thus he slopte his breath.

A Song whiche the Gentlewoman made, before she sleve hir selfe.

Cupide, why arte thou to me vnkynde?
Unequall arte thou in thy raging moode,
Why didst thou seeke with loue to make me blynde?
By loue to die, it will doe thee no good,
Vnlesse perchaunce you loy to see my wor,
I gaue an cause to finde you such a foe.

Did I offend thy mother any time?
Wherby she sought on me to wexeke hir spight,
Did I commit at any time a crime,
Whiche moued you to put my ioyes to flight?
If so I haue, then didst thou serue me well,
If not, me thinks thy nature is to sell.

Loue knoweth all, but I doe feele the smarte,
I haue the wounde whiche breeds my endlesse wor;
Alas, alas, what meanes that vyttfull darte?
It makes me loue whome neither may forgoe.
Alas to late I may repent the time,
Of my delight, when *Per* was in hir pyyme.

For my delight hath giuen this deadly wounde,
Whiche by no meanes agayne may cured be,
Alas, alas, loue doth me nowe confounde;
By parant wyse each man the same may see.
And none alike dothe rest to cure the same,
Thee *Cupid* now full iustly may I blame.

And Lady *Per*, thou arte my mortall foe,

Granges Garden.

For thy delights did force my feete to range,
Thou arte the cause of all this endlesse woe,
Though fortune say she seemed somewhat strange.
Thus all alike did gyue this mortall wounde,
And all alike hath sought me to confounde.

If *Lesbe* lake shoulde yeelde vnto my loze,
Yet would it want in me his former force.
It could not be a salve for suche a loze,
For *Cresses* iuyce it would his wonte denoize.
Wherfore in vayne I crie and looke for ayde,
For hope it selfe at neede hath me denyde.

Come Ladies now, put on your mourning weedes,
Mourne and lament the cause of my distresse,
Through want of will my harte it dayly bleedes.
For hope denies to yeelde me ought redresse.
Mourne and lament each day with dolefull tunes,
For I am he whome lingring loue consumes.

What woman will in man repose his trust,
And findeth them so oft to be vntrust?
Worse than a beast is he that plights his troth,
And then for to perforce the same is loth:
But worse is he that giues his faith to one,
When long before to others it was gone.

Falser art thou to me than *Demophon*,
Theseus, *Phaon*, *Aeneas*, *Iason*:
Falser to me, than euer any wight,
Who waste my ioy, and eke my whole delight:
And of my death thy falslyode is in blame,
Whose blood shall pay the rancome of the same.

Come rue therfore with me ye wretched wightes,
With dolefull tunes approche yee neare at hande,
Weepe now and wayle forbidding all delights,
And pleasures eke at elbowe yours to stande.
For loue it seekes to make me now a tome,
And loue it will me bying vnto my doime.

FINIS.

B. liij.

Granges Garden.
An answere to a letter written vnto
him by a Curryzan.

Al Bottoome for your like it seemes
my letters are become,
Whiche with oft winding off and on
are wasted whole and some.
Who nilling other for to finde
but through my painting penne,
Thereto to giue occasion
to wyte you will not lenne.
And lth you take such great delight
my bottomes for to spende,
Beholde now graunting to your will,
an other here I sende.
Ne sutor ultra crepidam,
I giue this phrase to betwe,
Forbidding Sowters to excede,
the clowting of a shoe.
Tis selborne see a Swan to dye,
of Hozebennes had bene best
for you to talke, although you seeme
that name for to detest.
Diana troupe it best may blase
the Swan of Menander,
It best becomes your penne to paynte
the Gole and the gander.
Whose tongue dothe runne befoze your witte,
and *Metres*, *foles boltes* *some shottes*
You would a good *Virgillian* be,
if *Vir* in place were not.
Sometime if *Ouid* toke delight
to prayle the basell Rutte,
If *Virgill* vaunting of his Enat,
why doe not I lozly put.

Granges Garden.

My selfe to paynt thy luggling trickes?
 excluding dalliance,
Who knowes so well thy legerdemaynes
 with false conuerpance.
You are *Meduse* that feendlike mare,
 no more a Curtizan,
You are no more a soaryng hanker,
 what then, a chaste *Diane*?
Not so, what then? the rampyng lie,
 who vauntes on euery dyke
Whereton he lightes, and sowes his seedes,
 a bayte for those that seeke.
For with your pryuy winkes, and nobbes,
 yea with your smyling looks,
With wanton toyes, and sugred wordes,
 whiche are your chiefest hookes:
With *Demi* grauntes, and weake denayes,
 to those that craue good will,
Thou doest prouoke the bashfull yonthes,
 a Virgins rule to spill.
For sure such is thy change with choyce,
 and eke thy choyce to change,
That it inforseth many an one
 his wanton wittes to range.
Thy beantie as a trumpet is
 this Larum forth to sounde,
Tantara, tara, Tantara,
 whiche when it dothe rebounde
Intentine eares, of force it is
 each man for to delight,
And biddes them stoupe vnto thy lure
 to put their eares to flight.
Then *Mellicy* they crye,
 with downe, downe, downe, downe,
Trelletlowe, trelletlowe,
 pype downe, downe, downe, downe.

Granges Garden.

If to the hunte be up, then sounde,
tathane, tathane, inough.
If see it is the houndes doe yelp,
bowgh, bowgh, haugh, haugh, haugh, haugh.
The game is dead, beate off the houndes,
rate, rate, haue, haue, dead, dead.
They spoyle the harr, tis nothing worthe,
they mangle all his head.
You know my minde, how beauties pyce
contenteth still with lust,
Affection yet once sette aside,
layes pleasure in the dust.

Farewell and thus adewe.

Sounde trumpe *Alaluya*,
At the ende of Caratantara,
To lope my pleasant *Dallida*,
Who clothed with the Killie.

A song of a Louer, wherein he shewes his loue towarde his Lady.

The feathered fowle that flies so hye
And floting fische whiche swimmes so lowe,
When as their tyme they doe espye,
They take refuge for euerie wo.

Yet I forloque a dolefull wight,
Who liues in bayne vpon the earth,
Doe wishe me set farre from the light:
And ridde of this my spyring breath.

For that no refuge can I finde,
Whiche will abate my raging wo,
Whiche forceth me to erre from kynde:
And eke from nature quite to goe.

Granges Garden.

At Hobbes hour in the winde,
When as they seeke to get a praye:
Then am I sure of suche lyke kinde,
They trade in me doth beare suche waye.

My Lady saye whose shap doth shine
And glyster in my bading sighte,
Doth force my harte with woe to pine,
And biddes my loyes at nought god nighte.

Pet houer I full oft in thaye
My Ladies hue whiche hedgeth in:
Hoping at length of hir so saye,
The longed loue with ease to win.

I steyde the streetes both long and wyde,
I stealed sight of hir to haue:
Escaping neyther tyme nor tyde,
But till I seeke for that I craue.

What though hir loue she sayde me nay,
When as I crabde it at hyr hande?
Of trothfull troth hope biddes me say,
That loue hath hedgde me in hir bande.

A Prisoner olde I beare in mynde,
The whiche I hope will be full true:
The falling out of louers kynde,
Is sayned wthath loue to renewe.

If so it be, I lesse regarde
Hir frowning looks which sayned are,
If not, what then? my lucke is harde,
And harte from hope is lodged farre.

FINIS.

R.

A

Granges Garden.

A Gentleman being halfe forsaken by mistrust, appealeth to his Lady *again by humilitie.*

Loyalty (Lady) bindeth me, and longring loue commaundeth me
to salute thee my double deare. And sith as the prouerbe goeth)
Inke and paper blasphemeth not, I thinke it beste rather to vnsfold my
meaning vnto thee by some testate paper (hoping thereby to gayne
at thy wonted curtesie, the yelding bp of *the Castle of Comfort*, a rich
of long tyme hath bene lacked & sieged with force) than by trembling
tongue to appeale to Humilitie, whose basenesse in pleading my
cause at your barre, neglecteth to consider any good will. Thus the o-
row defaulte being made by my foltring tongue in this case, wise-
dome would inioyne me for a reason to silence, but that loue ma-
keth me bolde in this raignement of Affection without mistrust of
thy wonted curtesie to bolde bp my hande, standing and appealing
no lesse to the same for indifferency in hearyng my cause, than a
quittie in iudging of the same. Hope dothe encourage me to stande
without feare, not lookyng for a rashe but a well deuised iudge-
ment. Lette mee not (Lady) be frustrate of hope. With equity
iudge my cause, and accordyng to thy discretion define thereof,
though dotage (Lady) in some, yet in me tis no good plea: where-
fore lette not my wytte abapte, my fete with long standing fayn-
tereth, my hande with long holdyng warieth, and mine eye with
long lookyng daleth, wherefore take pittie on my senses and leane
to affection. Mistrust were no Mistresse for me, whome loyalty
calleth in thysalldome: and distresse were no Master, if liberty were
free: discharge me therefore I beseeche thee of these mistrustfull
bandes of dissimulation, enioynyng me once agayne to the *Ar-
bor of amitie*, and repose no lesse trust and confidence in me, than
my loyalty and true meowyng in equall ballance were able to
way downe. *True* therefore and *trist* me. for *time* *tristeth* *truth*, *truth*
consisteth *trust*, *trust*, *true* *loue* and *friendship*, and *true* *loue* *many*
desire. Call therefore thy wittes and senses to a generall counsell,
therein

Granges Garden.

therein to determine of my life or dome. Thus as your poore prisoner clogged with chaynes of deepe dispayre (but that hope recousoyterth) I appeale to your curtesie, gaping no lesse for equitie than clemency in this case.

Your poore prisoner,
F. G.

A newe Married man being stung vvith vvedlocke, declareth his minde

Cantico more, vpon this text:

Content your selfe as well as I, let reason rule your minde,
As Cuckoldes come by desire, so Cuckowes sing-by kinde.

When as *Aurora* in the moone, did buskile vp to ryse,
And *Lucifer* that hyde day Star, did haunce himself in skies,
I gan *Morpheus* to resist, and eke his mace to shoke,
Murcea likewise slept aslee, and I as one newe bozne.
In stretchyng forth my slouthfull limmes, amid my naked bedde,
Began to thinke opprest with care, whiche way my life to leade.
For thyece leuen times the Lady *Per*, had slozift in hir pyrme,
And thyece leuen times *Dan Elias* he, appeared in my tyme.
So lesse likewise had *Autumac* he, by courte me shewed his face,
With hoary *Hyems* at his trapne, according to his grace.
Which when I saw how *Time* did passe, and balde he was behynd,
I thought it best my selfe tapply, his former bushe to finde,
And founde, thereon to lay fast holde, bicause he flittes away,
For time and tide it tarieth none, nor keepeth at a stay.
Thus musing much to maling mind, which way for me were best,
At length I founde that harde it was, for ought to liue at rest.
For if some Pleasure streake mine oare, in this my youthfull race,
Swette meat sharp sauce, I know requirs no iudgment in this case.
And what though *Venus* graunts me grace? nought therby that I
Such pleasures lasteth but a time, & yet they do aske paine. (gaine,
And then if so affection soude, within my brest should raggne,

Granges Garden.

I Lion in an Ikes skinne my harte it should retayne.
 Wherof *Valerius* doth repute, that *Aristophanes* once,
 In temple *Acharontis* made prayers for the nonce.
 That he in *Charons* ferry boate might passe the Stygian lake,
 To *Plutos* grisly gates of Hell: which for his daughters sake
 He did obtayne, through sayned loue, which he to them did beare,
Alecto, and *Tisiphone*, *Megera*: these for feare
 He flattered much, to whome I know such credite did they giue,
 That they him taught with sopps to feede (if so he sought to liue)
 The *Triceps* head of *Cerberus* the porter of his gate,
 But see within thou stay not long, least sooth thou come to late.
 This counsell did he keepe ful well, and as they bad him sought
 He did, and saw what was his will, he founde eke what he sought.
 But what he found that restles vnknowne, but when he came againe
 Vnto *Tharheniensians*, he gan to warne them playne,
 For wanton Lions sotrying vp within the Citie walles,
 Least while they thinke of Meate to feede, they taste of bitter galles,
 Thus likyng bfeedes extremitie, lulld in affections lappe,
 Had lookt what others pleasthmoost, therein I finde least lappe.
 Alas what one can frame himselfe his youthfull race to spende,
 All in *Mimerias* comely court? doth not *Diana* bend
 Sometime vnto Dame pleasures lawes? how then can I withstand
 The fire force of *Cupides* bow? doth not dame *Venus* stand
 At Beauties barre with comly crewes & routes of payntie dames?
 Whose smiling lokes & plaining toyes, doth cast such fiery flames
 Beside my greedy glauncing eyes, that rolleth hert and there,
 That I poze soule do rest betrayde, as doth the fearfull hare.
 What shall I do poze stillie sorte? make answer in this case:
 Whither are thy wittes as now become, that arte so wan of face?
 If so they wandring be abrode, then call them home againe,
 I counsell generall to holde it asketh them no payne.
 Therin determine of my life, how I the same shall leade,
 But yet determine of thy selfe that perfit path to treade,
 That leades vnto the perfit ioyes, else thou thy selfe bewilowe
 Mayst soone perchaunce, & vnawares the paine therof shalt know.

Thus

Granges Garden.

• Thus bryng set in counsell graue, this counsell did they giue,
That I my running head to slap, and eke at ease to liue, (wurst)
I wife should wedde (oh wayfull wo) what could haue chaunced
The wedded man best liues at ease, when fast bounde in his purse
He hath the tongue of wedded wife, else will she claime so,
Bothe to his face and at his backe, that gladder he is to goe
His way and leaue by all alone, for why a shew the tongue,
Is like vnto an Aspen leafe, that nothing vayles to claime,
But yet for this they counsellde me a wedded wife to take,
That I the filth of common sewer might whole and cleane forsake.
I was content, my wittes did serue, and would me so to doe,
To wine I wente, as bootlesse bente, a gossyp for to shoue.
For looke whose wife in beantie bzaue, doth passe the middle soyre,
Each thinks hir nought, a secrete whoze, and giues hir this report.
But further yet of wines to speake, thus much I haue to say,
Whose wife in welth hir mate exceeds, she then wil beare y way,
And treade vpon hir husbandes crowne, as for hir seete to lowe,
Thou mightst haue beggde, this will she say (if so she be a whoze)
If not for me, thou knowest full well, thus will she beare the rule,
And weare the breeches of hir mate, as wapt in Friers rule.
I did deserue a better man than euer thou wilt be,
Why seekst thou then thy whole assayes of ought to hide from me?
Why should not I thy counsell be, without restraint of will?
So ought it be, and so it shall, till pleasure hath his fill.
Then she disdayning of hir matche, some one will some procure,
To pay the bore, and eke with salue, hir former wounde to cure.
To Cuckoldes hall she will him sende, as warden for to be,
With gristed hoznes vpon his head, as euery one may see.
Hir husbandes wealth shall waisted be, vpon byz bilbowe boyes,
Thus ouerspaye, and all to riche, doe wante no tedious toys.
Then who so wines, whome beauty wats, be she ere paye of ritche,
He will hir loshe, she can not please, she is not for his pitche.
Thus whiche way can a married man at this day liue at ease,
When neyther faire, the soule, nor ritche, his fancy fond may please?
Pet I a merry meane did finde, which is a berry Browne,

Granges Garden.

Browne and lovely (thus they say) He only beares the crowne.
If so it be (as Goddess it graunt) then am I all to wedde,
For Browne and lovely haue I cougth, to accompany me in bedde.
New married winers and yong men too, do thinke the day is long,
Wherein they wedded be, and wishe for wante of other song
The night were come, & so did I, that *Phœbus* to the west, (rest.
With steeles were drawne on chariot wheles, and therr to take his
His course was done, & *Vesper* she with *Luna* playde their partes,
Whiche please vs well, for ioyes appoacht, most meete for louing
But passing forth this pleasat night, wh lovely tricks I say, (harts,
Alas to some dan *Phœbus* he did shew, that it was day.
And with his radiant glittering beames began for to display,
It was not meete for louers, yet so timely for to rise,
But for to chat an houre or two, this is their wonted guise:
And playing thus with wits toyes, y Cuckow had good mozoim,
Alas thought I, a token tis, for me to line in sozrow:
Cuckow sang he, Cuckow sayd I, what destiny is this?
Who so it heares, he well may thinke, it is no sacred blisse.
Alas (quoth she) what cause haue you, as yet thus for to say,
In Cuckow time shew haue a charme, to cause his tongue to stay.
Wherfore,
Content your selfe as well as I, let reason rule your minde,
As Cuckolow come by destiny, so Cuckowes sing by kinde.

FINIS.

The Louer forsaken, bewayleth his chaunce.

If euer man had cause to wayle,
then haue I cause to mourne,
Who toyes to see my bowd soe,
I like and am sozloze.

Granges Garden.

I serue where no acceptance is
and haue this seuen yeares space,
And thyrce seuen in yeares I would hit serue
in hope to purchase grace,
But all alas it is in vayne,
I like but to my colde,
For why the loue I haue bestowed
I count it is but losse.
I take delight to brue that face
whiche yeeldes my deadly wounde,
I lone to serue in loyall thral
although no thanks are founde.
O gulfes of care, O dolefull dumpes
that soze oppresse my harte,
Why doe yee runne in ragging wise,
haue I deserude a parte?
No no, I see tis bootlesse now
for me to call or crye,
For none I see doth rest alyne
whose ayde I meane to trye.
Hir byrath alone it doth suffice
to ende my lothsome lyfe,
For why the Coccatryce tis lyke
and I deserue no wyfe.
With fortune quante hath graunted so,
needes must I be content,
No way there is for to withstande
the chaunce she hath me sent.
With tis my hap my loyes to cease
dame Pleasure now adoe,
And dolefull dumpes appoach at hande
my wyetched case to reue.

FINIS.

The

Granges Garden.
The Louer hearing his Lady to
be caste in dumps, vriteth vnto
hir in this order.

Coy, I heare of thy sadde perplexitie, but what shoulde be the
Cause thereof I know not, yet if Hartes ease may heale thee, the
Dalle delectable delight thee, or the pleasant Pinke may please thee,
beholde here I graunt thee the keye of my garden, gather them,
vse them, and weare them at will: for euen the chiefeſt flower there-
in I afforde it thee willingly to furniſhe forth thy garland. Leau-
off therefore thy mourning weedes, lette me be thy comfozte, who
am thine owne for aye. *Trye and trust me*, vse and weare me, I am
thine owne and wilbe while life dothe laſte. I wante the Rhetori-
call termes of *Polymnia* to poliſhe forth my writing, my harte is
true, my loue vnſained, whereſoe beare with my rudeneſſe, for great
good will dothe grauell me. Inke and paper bluſſeth not, whereſoe
if my penne were able, well might I here vnlace my loyaltie: but
neither tongue can tell, harte thinke, nor penne ſubſcrybe the vn-
ſayned loue whiche I beare vnto thee, who onely arte the *Caſtle of*
my Comforte: whereſoe I will omittle the ſweyning thereof my
ſelfe, committing each ſurmise vnto thy after witte. For baſhful-
neſſe in wytyng in countreth with my Huſe, and ſacillitie neglec-
teth to counteruayle good will. In ſecrete thought therefore thinke
of my loyaltie, perpende well my meaning, for conſtancie it buſſe-
teth a wauering minde: moze yours than mine owne my tried troth
ſhall binde me. Open therefore thy breaſt and let it ſhroude two
faithfull hartes in one. *Cupid* hath commaunded me to be no change-
lyng, for as I am ſo will I be. *O* woulde thou couldeſt perceyue
mine inward harte, or elſe conceyue my ſecrete thought. But time
triech troth and byingeth all to light, the ſmothering heate at length
breakes forth in flame. Oh open thy breaſt and let me enter, for the
Sunne ſhall ſhine at midnight, the Moone and Starres at noone
day, the Sea ſhall become the Lande, and the lande the Sea, yea
the Heauen ſhall become the Earth, and the Earth Heauen, beſoze
ſuche

Granges Garden.

suche tyme as I forsake thee. Thus printing my wordes in thine harte, and rolling ful oft the sense thereof in thy minde, I leaue thee to iudge thereof according vnto thy discretion.

Your vowed friende, F. G.

I. G. biddeth his friende A. T.
good morrowe.

A *Ve madama, good morrowe if it please.*
Bont iour ma maistresse did you lie at ease?
Dieu von donc bone jour, will nothing make you speake?
What rest haue you taken? your minde to me breake.
What nothing but mome? an Almon for parrot,
Speake Parrot I pray thee, may nothing be got?
Your pillow mislikerh, else care hath forbid,
Your eyes to be sleeppng, while pleasure is hid.
Else saith Murcea, the sleepe is in thine eyes,
W:soayne else forbiddeth (through vanities cryes)
To bid me good morrowe, if harte will not breake,
Then say but A ueto: I like when you speake.
Comporte von maddam? in French you doe excell.
Bien sire gramercy, this likes me very well.
Je suis bien aise pour von voye in bone sante:
I am glad to see that your breath is not faine.
And sth that you speake, now for my god morrowe,
Je von prie de bon ceur, take this that I owe,
A berle tis o: twayne, wherewith I meane to greete,
Your moynings firste sight as loue hath thought it merite.
Perliez bien on perliez rien, you know my minde:
Nothing will I speake, whiche shall not seeme full kinde.
As hoarle Hyems frosse, keepes backe with pining payne,
Cache bjaue delight, till ver doth shewe his face agayne:
Thy goyng so to bedde doth put my loyes to flight,
Till moynyng doth appeare, wherefoze I hate goodnight.

S.

for

Granges Garden.

For as the falling sap which creeps into the earth,
Disgrace the trees untill returne of *Per* his bearth:
As naked seemes the trees which gallant were of yere:
So naked seemes the house when layde thou arte in me.
Thy bedde is lyke thy graue, the earth presents the Heres:
The fisting Beas are like, the woymes dead couple which greets.
But when the lively sap creeps by in blowing thorne,
And each delight doth seme to laugh the frost to scorne:
As *Per* most freshe of hie, sendes forth hir newe delights,
With full returne, and greets vs all with pleasant sightes:
So doth *Aurora* seme, his giftes for to bestowe,
Although to *Lady Per* he be a geer belowe.
For as the spring delights each thing vpon the earth,
Which moueth them to wishe and call vpon hir bearth:
So doth the moone (me thinks) vnclowd and eke vnbinde,
Each thing which in the night, are closd in their kynde.
And nothing greues me moze, than when the night drawes on,
For then I know full well we sunder must anone.
And then in bayne I wishe the moone for aye remaine,
That then my pleasure losse I might enioy agayne.
For in the moone (me thinks) I see the sap creeps by,
Which to my will, dothe seeke with toyes to fill my cup.
As great is my delight to see thy comely face,
As is the birdes, to see the *Lady Per* in place.
And eury moone by course doth serue me thee agayne,
Wherreas the night befoze vs parted hath in twayne.
The hydegrome in his course doth take no moze delight,
Than I doe dayly take, of thee to haue a sight.
Aue I say therfore, I loy to see thy face:
Aue to reply, this point I aske of grace:
For whyle my life doth last, with thee my harte shall rest,
And for thy sake I will, all other choyce detest.
For sure it is in time, the braken walles will parte,
And eke the water fountaines the craggy rocks will parte.
In time the watrishe droppes, we see both percs the stone.
Wherfore

Granges Garden.

Wherfore I hope to finde, as yet where loue is none.
This salutation print it within thy brest,
And (as deserte deserves) therein so let it rest.
As tyme it trieth troth, so then repose thy trust,
I craue good will for aye, and not to serue my lust.

His good night to the same *A. T.*

I Come in quiet my towne of truste
to see *Morpheus* make:
For needes it will deuise vs bothe
though for a litle space.
Yet can it not so litle be,
though for an houre or twayne,
But sure me thinks it is a yeare,
asunder to remayne.
For goyng to thy naked bedde
thou goest to thy graue:
And euery thing resembleth right
the course whiche death doth craue.
Within thy face consistes my loyes,
within thy harte my lyfe,
When death dothe call vpon thy corpe
then doe I ende my lyfe.
It might my loyes begonne to ende,
by cause we must departe:
And dolefull dumps appresse my minde,
so lothe I am to start.
And when of soyce departe we must,
with lingring' steppes I goe:
For why thy sweete abode I wishe
whose wante doth breede my woe.
My heauy hart within my corpe
loth to departe doth daunce:

B. ij.

And

Granges Garden.

And in my moning mynde me thinks
wholc barks of care doth launce.
Thy metwe it is a haue of hope
whereto I cleave and holde:
Holde Cable ropes, and Incoz take
for hope dothe make me holde.
With dysurn by dysite we must departe,
Morpheus thus muche graunt,
That all the night I dreame on hyz
whome in the day I haunt.
And that in lively forme hyz face
befoze me may appeare,
So that I may perfwade my selfe
We were in ptesence here.
I would imbracyng in mine armes
I could my selfe perfwade,
For sure it were a golden dreame
to walke in suche a shade.
Shall I not lull thee in my lappe
as well by night as day?
Though not, I hope thy harte fro mine
it will not goe astray.
For why I beare thee in my brest
and will while lyfe dothe laste,
My harte to thynne I bowe by othe
it shall be linked faste.
And leste one coysle two saythfull hartes
shrowde vp. yea all in one.
Alle linger time and all in bayne
of force we must be gone.
Good night therfore, God sende you rest,
and eke hartes ease at will.
God graunt your loyes they may increase,
also the wo:ld at will.

Granges Garden.

In health the Goddes prolong thy life,
of wealth to haue thy fill.
Good same I say and good repoite,
according to their will.
With heauy cheere I bidde god night,
tyme calleth vs away:
Against my will we must departe,
and that without delay.

His Farewell to the same.

A Greater griefe can hardly be,
Then saythfull friends for to departe.
Thy tryed friendship biddes me say,
That absence thyne will cut my harte.
Thou arte my gem of all my loye,
The fountayne rke of my delight.
Thou arte the staffe whereto I lean,
How might I misse thee fro my sight?
Though space is great and myles are long,
Whiche seemes to parte our couple in twayne:
Yet distance shall not parte our loue,
Our hartes alike shall still remayne.
O Firm true, O Phenix kynde,
How lothe am I to bidde farewell?
It grieues me that suche faithfull friends
For aye together may not dwell.
Shall we asunder parted be,
Who thus haue liued in tryed troth?
It needes we must, then fare you well,
Yet to departe I am full lothe.
No greater loye on earth is founde
Than saythfull friends to liue in one.
No greater griefe can likewise chaunce,
Than when the one must needes be gone.

Granges Garden.

Ten thousand times I rather had
A grisly ghost to end my life:
Come *Stripes* therefore in haste
On me to ble thy shedding knyfe.

Come lothsome death with fearefull mace,
Spare not to worke my latter dome.
Wake haste, make haste, I liue to long,
Breath yerbed hath, byng me my come.

When thou arte dead, then all the worlde
Allyth me is gone, thou arte so kynde:
Who would then willing let thee goe?
Suche faithfull friendes are harde to finde.

My lingring fete no power haue
fro thee at all for to departe.
Each stone becomes a Mountayne huge
My fete to stoppe, O saythfull harte.

Loue it hath made mine eyes so blinde
I can not see to finde the way.
No maruell then if so I lacke
I had excule to make delay.

Each howze I know will seeme a yeare
Untill thou doest returne againe.
Whereloe agaynst my will aduor,
The want of thee doth byerde my payne.

Returne in haste, omitte no tyme,
Thy absence spinnes a webbe of woe.
Lothe to departe come let vs daunce,
And make no haste away to goe.

The time and tye it tarlieth none,
Whereloe this suyte is but in vayne.
Of loyce I see away you must,
But yet make haste to come agayne.

I dewe, farewell my faithfull friende,
As deare to me as is my harte.
Now grieve, now care, now endlesse woe

Granges Garden.

Draues on bycause thou must departe.

But why seeme I thy steppes to stay?

The longer stay the greater griefe:

Is good at first as at the laste

Hope of returne will yeelde reliefe.

So worse to thee than to my selfe,

Aduer therefore God be thy speede.

With saythfull harte and moning minde.

I wishe the Lozde to be thy guyde.

Eastwell.

Epilogus.

The proude Percke (gentle Reader) strouteth and playeth
his gorgeous taylor so long, till at the length he discovereth the
filthe thereof: so some will thinke, and will not sticke to say, that
whyle I endeavour to discover the imbecillitie of other mens na-
tures, I reueale thereby mine owne licentious living, if so (at the
least) I speake by experience. And what if I did? yet are they farre
deceyved herein, and doe but dreme (as it were) vpon shadowe it
selfe. For the market declareth how the coine is solde: and though
I am but yong of yeares, yet may I dayly heare & see that where-
of by action I am not partaker. It seemeth also the vanities of
this world are the greater, when as they lie so open, and are so ma-
nifest vnto my youthfull yeares. And though it hath not pleased
Polymeria so to fauour my penne, as to counteruayle my will wil-
ling: yet I truste yee will accept of me for my well meaning,
who am not therein a *Quare* by word incomparable to *Cleanthes*.
Comparisons are oblois, I meane not therefore by his learning
(for therinto I am many a degree belidw) but by the great desire he
had in writing, and by the pleasure he toke all his life time therein.
How simple yet so euer this litle volume of mine be, if thou wilt
bestowe thy trauell to seeke forth the grounde and the depth thereof,
thou.

Epilogus.

thou shalt some elspe, and quickly perceyue, how in every poynte
and clause thereof is hidde, besides the mythe, some deeper sense
and purpose. But vnto the careless Reader it is (as it were) a peece
of unleauned dough, wherefore for such I thinke it better to haue
their browes knitte harde with the kercher of *Morpheus*, and so to
lay them downe to sleepe, than *Legero & non intelligere, nempe ne-
glegere est*. And as I haue bene briefe in all things heretofore, so
will I be likewise herein: and as I haue brought you into my
rude Garden, so (turning the key) here will I leane you, to chuse
what flowers shall like you best. My penne is stubbed, my
paper spent, my Inke wasted, my wittes granelled, and
(to be shorthe) tyme calleth me away: wherefore stan-
ding to your curtesies, and hoping of your
good acceptaunce herof, wishing to you
as to my selfe, in haste I bidde
you Farewell.

FINIS.

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